

THE ACADEMY

A WEEKLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, SCIENCE & ART

No. 1790

AUGUST 25, 1906

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THE LITERARY WEEK

WE have found not a little entertainment in two volumes of essays, or, rather, occasional papers, by Mr. Samuel McChord Crothers, an American man of letters. Mr. Crothers is not a formal essayist: he is a *causeur*, a chatter, a cultivated person who takes you aside and talks as he will, starting from a given topic, but leaving it when he wishes to, talking round and about it, always freshly, usually with some pleasing paradox, sometimes brilliantly. The title of one of his volumes, "The Gentle Reader," appealed to us at once, and the first paper fulfilled our hopes. The Gentle Reader, Mr. Crothers implies, has not yet died out, and he gives some account of his characteristics; but what he is really anxious to talk about is the author who wrote for the gentle reader, and so encouraged him to survive. This is the fine old leisurely class of authors, of whom none are left; the kind that took the gentle reader aside, and interrupted the business in hand to have a good talk over it, much as a modern plumber will interrupt his work to talk about it with his mate.

Fielding wrote like that, with his long and delightful digressions in the middle of a story; Isaak Walton was another of the order; in Sterne we find the manner carried to an extreme. Montaigne, Burton, and many another had no business; they were all for these interruptions. And there are the authors with whom it is a delight to dwell, the authors who become personal friends of the gentle reader. They talk to him about himself and about themselves; and he buys them to keep, not to devour.

The point of view has changed since the days of those writers. Nowadays we aim not at reading, but at having read (the distinction is Mr. Crothers's, and a good one). And much of it is waste labour. When a man complains that the great number of new books prevents him reading the old books, he is making a feeble excuse. It is easier, says Mr. Crothers somewhere (in a paper, we fancy, on "The Honorable Points of Ignorance"), to talk about a new book before you have read it, than after. And one reason for that, which appears to have escaped him, is this: that, thanks to the modern Press, it is very easy to get a good idea (good, that is, for purposes of conversation) of a new book in ten minutes.

The wise man will choose carefully two papers which deal with books, opposed, if possible, in point of view and in manner of treatment; and he will read both. He will thus, in one evening, have observed from both sides all the new books, and will be well primed against his next dinner-party. The rest of the week remains for the reading and reading again of the old books. So that we light on something of a paradox. The more literary journalism there is,

the more time has the really gentle reader for his old friends. He may, however, now and then make a new friend; and we find qualities in Mr. Crothers's "Gentle Reader" and "Pardoner's Wallet" which will endear him to many.

From America we receive more books of such essays or papers than come from all the English publishers. The reason possibly is that, since there are more readers and writers in America than in England, therefore there are more examples of each different kind of book. But the essay, or the occasional paper, is becoming rarer and rarer in England. The essayist labours, of course, under a great disadvantage. Steele, Hazlitt, Stevenson, one or another is sure to be thrown in his teeth by the reviewers, just as it used to be the foolish fashion to tell a minor poet that he was not a Milton. But the novelist labours under the same burden: Fielding, Scott and Thackeray have lived and written; and the thought does not deter the novelist. The dearth of essays is probably due to the prevalence of fiction. The stimulus or the sedative, doctors tell us, must be increased, if it is to preserve its efficacy. The palate enured to chilis finds no flavour in white pepper. And the taste formed on novels, the hottest and strongest kindest of mental food, finds the essay insipid. So far as the interpretation of life goes, we are ready to believe that a novel—a good novel—gives more of it than an equally good essay; but we may be permitted a sigh for the disappearance of a peculiarly pleasant form of literary art.

In the third series (vol. ii.) of "Archaeologia Aeliana" the miscellaneous tracts relating to antiquity published by the Society of Antiquaries of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, we find a very interesting paper by Dr. T. M. Allison on "The Flail and its Varieties." It seems strange, somehow, to find the flail referred to as an "antiquity," and yet the people under sixty who have actually seen it in use must be few. The present writer saw it but once; wielded by a man on the little threshing-floor at the bottom of an old west-country garden. That was nearly thirty years ago, and the thresher then spoke of himself as one of the few men left who knew how to wield the dangerous instrument. Dangerous it must have been, no less so than a stock-whip, in the hands of an inexperienced workman.

"The flail," writes Dr. Allison, "is mentioned by Milton, Shakespeare, Burns and Oliver Wendell Holmes [a queer conjunction of names], but is not named in Scripture." The last part of the statement sounds odd, until we remember that corn in the East is trodden out, not threshed. The threshing-floor, which is often made the symbol of judgment and retribution in the Old Testament, was the place where the beasts trod out the grain. One cannot but imagine, however, what splendid use the Old Testament writers would have made of the flail, had they known it. The measured fall of its unceasing blows has much that is terrible about it.

Some of the words Dr. Allison preserves are interesting. A flail is in Gaelic a "suist," in Scotch a "flinging-tree"—readers of Burns will remember his lines:

The thresher's weary flingin'-tree
The lee-lang day had tired me;
And when the sun had clos'd his e'e,
Far i' the West,
Ben i' the spence, right pensively
I gaed to rest;

—a "threshall" in Hampshire, a "drashall" in Devon, "the sticks" in Weadale, and "frail" in South Durham and Yorkshire. The handle was called in England and Ireland the "handstaff," the "haft" in Scotland, "long" in Gaelic, and "collop" or "collopon" in original Irish; and the second stick, or "souple"—that which is

attached to the handle, usually by a thong of leather, and falls on the corn—was called the "beater" in Hampshire, the "soople" or "swingle" in Northumberland, the "swingle" in Kent, the "swipple" in Yorkshire, "bualten" in Gaelic, and "bualtan" or "boottan" in old Irish. In Devon the souple was called the "flail" (the whole thing being the "drashall") and the "threshing-tree" in Perthshire. The Old English name for it was the "swingle-tree." These are only a few of the terms given by Dr. Allison, whose article is full of lore on the subject and amply illustrated. It is strange to reflect that the Japanese have always used flails for threshing rice, though their bamboo flail is a clumsy weapon.

The *Times* of last Thursday had an interesting article on the Library of the University of London, which is shortly to be thrown open, under certain restrictions, to the public. Many of the books in it belonged to George Grote, the historian of Greece, and to Professor Augustus de Morgan. Grote bequeathed his books—mainly classical and historical—to the University, and his habit (shared by Professor de Morgan) of writing bibliographical and biographical notes in them adds considerably to their interest and value. Other benefactors of the library have been the Goldsmiths' Company, which presented among many other things Professor Somerton Foxwell's library, Sir Julian Goldsmid, Lord Granville, Lord Avebury, and others. The librarian is Mr. Lawrence W. Haward, and the assistant librarian is Mr. Reginald A. Rye. The Library is to be opened by Lord Rosebery on October 29.

Some of the books are of rare value and importance. Bibliophiles will be interested in the "Kalendarium" of Joannes de Montereio, printed by Ratdolt in 1476, which is the first known book with a title-page bearing the printer's names and date, information usually kept in those days for the colophon. Then there are fine copies of the first four editions of Euclid, the first edition being Venice, 1482; a Bale: "Illustrium Maioris Britanniae Scriptorum" (Ipswich, 1548), which is "the foundation of English Biography," and a "Whetstone of Witte, whiche is the seconde parte of Arithmetike," by Robert Record, 1557, which is the book referred to by Sir Walter Scott in "The Fortunes of Nigel" as the only book in the usurer's house besides the Bible.

In a little book of jottings called "Notes of a Nomad," by W. A. Horn (published by Messrs. Melville and Mullen), we find an extraordinary example of ingenuity. He was challenged, it appears, to write thirty lines on sea-sickness, with a musical term in every line; and here is his first stanza:

If rolling is her crotchet
This vessel ought to score:
She spoils my rest, she spoils my notes,
She spoils my *répertoire*.

But he improves as he goes on:

There *demi* goes my dinner,
As the ship on *upper C*
Appoggiaturas. Oh! the brute,
She's pitched too high for me. . . .

I know you'll think me very *bass*.
I'll *pause* till calm prevails;
It's all because they've gone and set
A bad *falsetto* sails.

I cannot *scale* the dizzy mast:
The *chords* are very slack;
Oh! how I *shake*; I know I shall
Be flat upon my back.

I'll bet a *tenor* that she strikes
The bar upon the lee;
Andante up the money, should
She safely reach the key.

Poker players will see the meaning of the reference contained in the word "Andante."

The joy of misquotation is so widely diffused that it seems a pity to reserve the following instance of that error for private consumption. Every one knows Longfellow's "Resignation":

There is no flock, however watched and tended,
But one dead lamb is there.

This was given in a recent examination paper, obviously without intent to parody, as:

There is no flock, however watched and tended,
But one black sheep is there.

An example of the misuse of a single word was furnished by another candidate, who credited Mr. Chamberlain with a habit of collecting *orchards*. The figure known to grammarians as *litotes*, and defined as the suggestion of a strong notion by the use of a weak form of speech, was pleasantly exemplified as follows: "Sometimes, as in the case of rabbits, the hobby is neglected, and unpleasant circumstances may arise." A seer was defined as one who overlooks work done by others. Wordsworth's "poring antiquarian" became a *perspiring* curio-hunter, and the immortal twins were partially disguised as "Romulus and Romford."

With reference to our suggestion made two weeks ago that, as among servants there is one voice for the mistress and another for the kitchen, so among poor people there is one language for the "quality" and another for their own circle, a correspondent writes pointing out that in one district of England at least, the Peak of Derbyshire, the natives are bilingual.

"Amongst themselves they speak the old Derbyshire dialect, which resembles the English of the First Prayer-book of Edward VI.: but they keep modern English for strangers who live amongst them, the clergyman, the schoolmaster, and the policeman, whom they habitually speak of as 'foreigners.' So-and-So's daughter is his 'wench,' children they call 'childer,' ornaments are 'gauds,' and my wife was much surprised one day at being asked if she had ever 'a cast-away body,' meaning a bodice, 'to give to a poor wench.'" Probably this bilingual state is common all over the country.

Professor Richard Lodge, occupant of the History chair in Edinburgh University, in opening the holiday courses in modern languages in the northern capital the other day, paid a fine tribute to the influence of Sir Walter Scott. The Scots, according to Professor Lodge, who were born on this side the Border, had proved themselves the most adaptable nation in the history of Europe, the most eager and most ready to learn from its neighbours and allies. It was only at the beginning of the nineteenth century that the Scots intercourse with the continent of Europe ceased to be a conspicuous element in the development of Scotland; and this change Dr. Lodge attributed above everything else to the genius of Sir Walter Scott, which operated more strongly, he was certain, than the Act of Union or the growth of commerce to bridge over the gulf which had so long divided England from Scotland. In commemoration of Scott's birthday, the Edinburgh and Glasgow statues of Scott, it may be stated, were florally decorated on August 15, his birthday, and there is a proposal that the anniversary of the great romancist's death next month should be appropriately celebrated at Dryburgh Abbey.

It was mentioned in the ACADEMY the other week that the librarian of Camberwell Central Library was engaged in a biographical work relating to noted Camberwellians. It was not stated, however—and the fact is not very widely known—that Lord Byron spent a part of his early schooldays at an academy in the Dulwich district of

Camberwell. It is an interesting and little known fact, too, that Mendelssohn composed his "Spring Song" in a house on Denmark Hill adjoining the new Ruskin Park. The editor of the *South London Mail* is engaged, we understand, on a South London bibliography.

Among recent acquisitions to the British Museum Library is a small volume, "Poems," J. Ballantyne, Edinburgh, 1803, in which appear for the first time and anonymously Thomas Campbell's "Lochiel's Warning" and "Hohenlinden." The original manuscript of the former has long been in the possession of Lord Minto at Minto House, Hawick, where the poem was written. Both poems were written in 1802, and the latter—called by its author "a mere drum and trumpet thing"—was rejected by the *Greenock Advertiser*.

Professor Saintsbury, whose "appreciation" of Walter Pater forms the chief feature of the August *Bookman*, writes that: "If you cannot construe Pater aright from the 'Studies,' the 'Marius,' and the 'Appreciations,' he himself would do you very little good if he could arise and speak afresh with whatever considerations and correctives. . . . In literature . . . I know no one who supplies at once so much stimulus, and so much practical help, with such a range of illustrative enjoyment into the bargain." And apart from literature—in almost the widest ranges of thought and life—I can see no reason why his method should not be applied with an infinite gain of satisfaction to the soul as well as to the senses: and with no necessary—with no even probable—prospect of disaster, except in cases where disaster was antecedently all but certain."

We are sometimes told that romance is dead, and that the adventures of the heroes of "Kingston of the wind and wave" or of "Ballantyne the brave," can never again be witnessed in real life. But the papers of the last week have given us facts that make Defoe, or Stevenson, even Jules Verne, seem timid inventors. It seems that Robinson Crusoe's island has disappeared in the Valparaíso upheaval, though whether Defoe intended the island to be on the East or the West of South America is a point never likely to be settled beyond dispute. If the earthquake has carried off the island, then it has plagiarised Jules Verne. At the same time we have the starting of the good ship *Xena* for a mysterious treasure island somewhere off the African coast in the approved manner of Stevenson himself. A Captain Jones left a chart telling of a spot in the ocean where diamonds apparently may be had for the mere scratching of the earth, and a secret expedition has been fitted out to secure the treasure. The *Xena*, under sealed orders, is now on the way, and even in these days of much traffic and fast ships, expects to be able to elude the vigilance of all "shadowers."

We understand that the Russian Government has purchased the library of Alexander Pushkin. It is to be housed temporarily in the Academy of Sciences in St. Petersburg, and there is a proposal on foot to found a museum, bearing the name of the poet, to which the library will be transferred.

Mr. D. S. MacColl is heartily to be congratulated on the first acquisition made by the Tate Gallery under his keepership. Ford Madox Brown's *Chaucer at the Court of Edward III.* is of great intrinsic value as an example of the decorative treatment of an historical subject, and it is not less welcome as a reminder of the long roll of famous British painters unrepresented, or inadequately represented, in what is nominally the National Gallery of British Art. Hitherto the Tate Gallery has contained but one example of Brown's noble art, *Christ Washing Peter's Feet*, and though the first master of Rossetti may now be said to be

satisfactorily represented, no work by his second, Mr. Holman Hunt, finds a place in the collection. We hear that a movement is on foot to secure his last painting, *The Lady of Shalott* for the Tate Gallery, and if its purchase can be effected we know no work by Mr. Hunt better calculated to impress posterity with his great gifts as a designer and illustrator.

Within the last few days there have also been hung in the Tate Gallery five new Turners—*Tivoli*, *The Arch of Constantine*, *The Burning of The Ships*, *The Old Chain Pier, Brighton*, and *A Ship Aground*—raised from the tomb of those apartments in the National Gallery to which the public has not access. The new director, Sir Charles Holroyd, has done well in so speedily bringing these long-hidden works before the public, but the steady dispersal of a collection bequeathed to the nation on the express condition that it should be kept together in one building emphasises the need for a separate gallery in which the huge Turner bequest of oils, water-colours and drawings might more worthily be housed and more effectively displayed. We trust that when the Government consider the question of the extension of the National Galleries at Trafalgar Square and Millbank—the necessity of which was urged by the Earl of Carlisle in the House of Lords a few weeks ago—they will recognise that the formation of a separate Turner Gallery will be the best solution of this problem as well as the discharge of a debt long overdue.

Nothing is more difficult to gauge than the taste of a future generation in art, and a picture which cost an acute critic thousands of pounds one year may be worth only hundreds a decade later. The late Mr. Woods was undoubtedly one of the most far-seeing buyers of his age, but that there is no royal road to success as a picture-dealer or picture-collector is proved by the auction room records. In the current issue of a contemporary monthly Mr. W. Roberts has an article on "The Ups and Downs of Picture Prices," in which he tabulates a number of recent records, several of which have already been given in the *ACADEMY*. Mr. Woods bought carefully, and his purchases were comparatively few, but hardly any of them realised less than he gave. A pair of vases of flowers by Baptiste, for which he gave seven shillings, brought fifty-four guineas at his sale in May; his greatest triumphs, however, were Hoppner's *Lady Waldegrave* and Lawrence's *Miss Emily C. Ogilvie*. Bought for twenty-three pounds and two hundred guineas respectively, they realised six thousand and three thousand guineas. No one, we think, has beaten, or is likely to beat, Mr. Wynn Ellis's record for the Gainsborough *Duchess of Devonshire*: it cost him sixty-five pounds and was purchased by Messrs. Agnew for over ten thousand pounds. At the sale of Raeburn's remaining works in 1877, forty-nine portraits were sold for six thousand pounds. Within the last two seasons thirteen of his pictures have brought no less than forty-two thousand nine hundred pounds.

Gainsborough's *Portrait of Viscountess Tracy* was purchased in 1895 for one thousand five hundred pounds; in 1906 it sold for six thousand guineas. Morland's *Morning, Higgles Preparing for Market*, brought only fifty-five guineas in 1861; last year it realised two thousand guineas. Twenty guineas was paid for Rembrandt's *The Evangelist* in 1854, and two thousand guineas in 1905. Sir Joshua Reynolds's *Simplicity: Miss Gwatkin* cost one hundred and sixty guineas in 1884, and two thousand one hundred guineas in 1905: ten years hence we think the price will have dropped. Romney's *The Stanhope Children* realised only twenty-eight guineas in 1872, and was sold for four thousand six hundred guineas in June; and Turner's *Rape of Europa*, which brought two hundred and ninety-five guineas in 1871 went for six thousand four hundred guineas in the same month. On the other side

we have Mr. C. T. Garland paying two thousand guineas in 1905 for Gainsborough's *Portrait of Indiana Talbot*, which was bought for nine hundred and eighty guineas a year later. Among the "downs" list the mid-Victorian artists hold a conspicuous place. As Mr. Roberts says: "Time has indeed had his revenge, and the Academy sensations of the fifties and sixties of the last century are now for the most part the despised and rejected of the auction room."

Mr. Nugent Monck, the Secretary of the English Drama Society, is arranging to revive, under the auspices of the Chester Archaeological Society the cycle of fourteenth-century plays written for the Chester guilds. It is hoped that the representation will take place at Whitsuntide 1907.

LITERATURE

THE GROWTH OF ENGLISH LITERATURE

The Oxford Treasury of English Literature. Vol. i. *Old English to Jacobean.* By G. E. HADOW and W. H. HADOW. Oxford: Clarendon Press, 3s. 6d.)

UNABLE to believe seriously that we can produce any literature as good as our predecessors did, we turn our attention in the present age to the past and devote our main energies to making sure that our successors shall have an exact and complete knowledge of that. We will establish truth for them in the field of literature, let daylight into dark corners and see that their heritage shall reach them in good order. The day of "Elegant Extracts," when men were willing to take their literature in disconnected sips and bites like a woman's meal, is over. We have realised that a poem or a work of prose loses most, if not all, of its value if it is read or learned apart from its surroundings, detached from its contemporaries, without reference to the history of its growth from earlier efforts and its influence on later. The aim, that is, of students and teachers is to see English literature as a live and organic whole, a thing that grew, influenced by its "environment," by historical and social events; a thing with its roots in the national soul, drawing its nourishment from the national development, growing luxuriantly or feebly, stiffly or generously, according to the kind of nourishment it could receive at the different stages in its life. It is for that reason, no doubt, and not for any particular interest or sustenance they can offer to the modern mind that the sources and origins are searched and studied; that we read Beowulf and Cynewulf, Gower, Skelton or Wyatt. And more: to be logical we must hold that the subject cannot be fully understood unless even the inferior works of inferior writers are kept alive. They are part of the great plant: it is impossible to know it thoroughly without paying to these weak or withered shoots the due share of attention: and it has more than once occurred that such apparently negligible members have been the means whereby the main and splendid limbs attained their full glory.

That is the spirit in which Mr. and Miss Hadow have set to work to compile the Treasury of which the first volume is before us. Their aim is to indicate "the chief landmarks in the progress of English Literature." That means that to begin with, their title is a misnomer. A "treasury" of literature is, surely, a collection of its choicest things, not a swift survey of its history. We read a "treasury" purely for pleasure (which will be the greater if we know the history of the jewels): we study a book like this as a preparation for the proper appreciation of the contents of a treasury. This is an illustrated handbook to the study of the medals in our cabinet. And a good handbook it is. The subject, as the authors point out, had to be divided into chapters, and these chapters must each have either a main topic or a main chronological period: taken all in

all, these chapter headings have been wisely chosen, and if the reader will bear in mind the authors' warning against trusting to hard and fast divisions in such a subject, he will not be misled by them. The first chapter is Old English Literature, beginning not with Caedmon but with Beowulf and containing translated selections also from Cynewulf and Alfred's Orosius. We come next to the lyric poems produced under the French influence that came in with and after the Conquest—"Sumer is icumen in," the "Spring Song" and Hendyng's Proverbs; and these are followed by the romance, the fabliau and the ballad. In chapter iv. we find the "Nationalist Reaction," with extracts from "Sir Gawain;" and in chapters v. and vi. we have Chaucer, Gower, Lydgate and Occleve. To keep, for a moment, to poetry, chapter viii. gives us "The Revolt against Poetic Convention," which means Skelton and the ballads; and in chapter ix. we come to the influence of the Renaissance in Italy, with Wyatt, Surrey and Sackville. Spenser has chapter x.; the Elizabethan songs and sonnets chapter xi., and the last chapter gives "The Followers," by which the compilers mean the poets of the Jacobean decline, Giles Fletcher, Browne, Drayton, Chapman. Two chapters, meanwhile, have been given to prose; chapter vii. includes Mandeville to More; and chapter xii. Elizabethan Prose, the euphuists, Bacon and the colloquial school of Nash and Dekker. The selections occupy much more space than the introductions, and the whole book runs to three hundred and fifty-six crown octavo pages.

This, clearly, is no treasury. A treasury of English literature from Old English to Jacobean without a line of "Pearl," a word of Raleigh, or Hooker, or Burton, a stanza of Peele, or Lodge, or "A. W.," with only three songs of Campion and one of Fletcher?

The idea is plainly absurd; and we dwell upon this matter of the title because it seems to us that the error is likely to mislead a great many who might profit by the book if they accepted it for what it is, an illustrated handbook, and a good one. It does well what it professes (elsewhere than in the title) to do. It gives a clear outline of the history of the subject; and it pays due attention to the influence of foreign literatures on our own, a matter that handbooks are apt to omit.

The subjects of the chapters as given above will show that no complaint can be made with regard to this part of the work. The authors show, with surprising clearness considering the small space in which they had to move, how the Old English literature of saga and chronicle contained the lyric seed which was ripened by the French influence after the Conquest; and how, before we became too Gallic, there was a national reaction after Poitiers which gave us such work as the romance of "Sir Gawain." They do not, to our surprise, mention "Pearl," which, whether or not by the same author, forms part of the same manuscript, and is at least as interesting and important a landmark in our progress. They do not, for reasons given in the preface, do more than touch on "Piers Plowman." They proceed to show how out of the two tendencies, the English and the French, rose Chaucer, who drew from Italy the final breath of his greatness. Then, or contemporaneously, came the fore-runners of the Reformation, Gower, Lydgate and Occleve, "ethical, political or religious"; to be followed by the second revolt, that against court influences and established forms in poetry, which gave us Skelton and the ballads. And so we come to the great outburst, when the sun of the Italian Renaissance dawned over us, and the singers in the first glimmer, Wyatt and Surrey, heralded the matchless chorus of the dawn. And the story is told with just and apt criticism, wide and deep knowledge, and plenty of fact.

The only question is: Is not such work as this robbed of its due effect by the cramped space allowed it? Here is a volume that attempts to take in the whole of English literature from Beowulf to the Jacobean decline, and is scarcely bigger than Mr. Pollard's "English Miracle

Plays." The omissions, as we have incidentally pointed out, are necessarily vast in quantity and supreme in beauty and interest: the introductions, despite the care and knowledge with which they are written, are inevitably insufficient and a little dictatorial; the selections, though chosen with fine judgment, are brief and not wholly representative. For instance, who could gain a fair idea of the Elizabethan lyrists from twenty pages of extracts? The book is not one to be "enjoyed"; it is for study, and if a matter is to be studied, it had better be studied at greater length than this. In succeeding volumes the compilers will surely find their difficulties increased. Volume ii. is to deal with the drama up to the Jacobean age; volume iii. to "take up the record at the time of Milton and continue it to that of Tennyson and Browning." The result will be a primer: very likely a better primer than any other that exists; but the authors are worthy of more scope than a primer gives them.

In conclusion, there are one or two points to which attention might be drawn. When space is so valuable, there is no room for sentences like this concerning Langland:

As we think of the Fabliaux beside his work we can imagine the Roman courtiers flocking to an improvisation of Statius, and Juvenal with bent brows watching them as they pass.

Why should the spelling of Wyatt, Surrey and Sackville have been modernised, when due reverence for Spenser has left his spelling unchanged? More space should have been devoted to the development of prose from the chronicle to Bacon; and we must take exception to a sentence in the introduction to chapter vii. Speaking of Chaucer's plots and persons, the authors say:

If any prose writer of the time could have built upon his foundation the English Novel would have dated from the fourteenth century. The chance was lost by the historical accident that Mandeville lived half a century too early, that his work was contemporary with the beginning, not the end, of Chaucer's life.

No good ever came of such criticism as that. Last, the use of "euphuistic" or "euphuism" according to "our modern habit of calling mean things by high-sounding names" is an inexact use, and should not have been mentioned in a book of this kind. We are inclined to agree with the authors of "The King's English" that when George Eliot (in a passage quoted by Mr. and Miss Hadow in a footnote) wrote: "the workhouse, euphuistically called the college," she made a slip, and intended to write "euphemistically."

THE MASTERPIECE OF SOPHOCLES

F. Schubert's edition of the *Oedipus Tyrannus* of Sophocles. Re-edited by Prof. LUDWIG HÜTER. (Leipsic and Vienna: Tempsky, 2s. 6d.)

THE *Oedipus Tyrannus* may fairly be regarded as the most interesting of all the dramas which ancient Hellas has transmitted to us. It was selected by Aristotle as the model tragedy, and it is not only full of magnificent passages, but in its delineation of character and above all in its ingenuity of construction it is the masterpiece of the Attic stage. But it must be borne in mind that in the judgment of the great critic of Stagira dramatic *vraisemblance* is requisite only within the scope of the drama on which it is engaged. Everything which lies outside the framework of the play may be disregarded. Thus, the modern imitators of the *Oedipus Tyrannus*, Dryden, Corneille, Voltaire, endeavour to account for the fact, to which Sophocles never adverts, that for some sixteen years separating the death of Laius from the opening scene of the drama, Oedipus seems never to have questioned Jocasta, his mother, whom he has unwittingly espoused, concerning the fate of her former husband, Laius, who has died by the hand of his son Oedipus.

But within the framework of the play the dramatist's art is most carefully exercised. Nothing could be more

natural and at the same time powerfully impressive than the scene in which Tiresias is stung by the taunts of Oedipus into denouncing him as the murderer of Laius. At first the seer only makes covert allusion to the tragic tale how Oedipus unwittingly slew his father and espoused his mother—"never will I reveal my secret—that I say not thine," and, again, by a delicate use of Sophoclean irony, "thou blamest my temper, but what thou hast in thine own bosom thou knowest not." Here Oedipus would understand the words as meaning "the wrath that thou harborest," but the audience would see the real meaning of the seer's words "the wife thou hast in thy bosom." Very similar in expression is a quaint passage in Locke *On the Human Understanding*:

For though a man can with satisfaction enough own a no-very handsome wife in his bosom, yet who is bold enough openly to avow that he has espoused a falsehood, and received into his breast so ugly a thing as a lie?

At last Tiresias explicitly arraigns Oedipus, who replies with bitter taunts,

Night is thy nursing-mother, so that thou art impotent to hurt me or any man that looks upon the Day.

The right reading in this passage (374) is certainly *μῆας* not *μῆας*, which cannot mean anything but "one night" not "uniform, endless," like the Latin *una*.

It is when Jocasta thinks she can relieve her husband of all disquietude that she strikes the first note of alarm in his mind. She tells him how he cannot have slain Laius, because Laius was destined according to an oracle to be slain by his own son: now his only son was exposed and destroyed in infancy, and Laius was slain by robbers "at the meeting of three roads." These are the disquieting words. Oedipus remembers how on his journey from Corinth he slew an old man with whom he had a quarrel at the meeting of three roads, and subsequent questioning confirms his fears. But they are all set at rest by the arrival of a messenger from Corinth announcing to Jocasta the death of Polybus, the supposed father of Oedipus. She sends for Oedipus, who greets her with the words:

Dearest wife Jocasta, why hast thou summoned me?

This is the last time he calls her by her name. When the terrible truth comes out and she hangs herself, Oedipus designates as "her that is within"—a terribly true touch of nature. The scene of their triumph over the falsification of the oracle, just before the *peripeteia*, so justly praised by Aristotle, in which Oedipus discovers his true parentage, has another exquisite touch. Oedipus still fears the second predicted horror, union with his mother. Here is the scene in Jebb's translation:

OR. All these bold words of thine would have been well, were not my mother living: but as it is I must needs fear.

JO. Howbeit thy father's death is a great sign to cheer us.

OR. Great, I know: but my fear is of her who lives. Loxias has said that I was doomed to espouse my own mother, and to shed with my own hands my father's blood. Wherefore my home in Corinth was long kept by me afar: with happy event indeed—yet still 'tis sweet to see the face of parents.

Could anything be more graceful, more princely? When regretting his enforced absence from the home of his reputed parents, he is careful to advert to the happy lot which gave him his spouse and his throne in Thebes. And could there be a more terrible irony? While he speaks of his long exile from the house of his parents in Corinth he is looking into his mother's eyes in Thebes. There is a certain hardness in Jocasta's exultation over the supposed father's death, but such a feeling is very natural in a woman just relieved of a terrible apprehension.

The language of Oedipus and Jocasta is princely throughout. When he asks her to describe Laius her reply is:

Tall, and with newly sable-silvered head.

And this is (slightly abridged) the passage (in Jebb's splendid version) wherein he justifies the act by which he blinded himself:

After baring such a stain upon me, was I to look with steady eyes on this folk? No, verily: no, were there yet a way to choke the fount of hearing, I had not spared to make a fast prison of this wretched frame, that so I should have known nor sight nor sound. Alas, Cithaeron, why hadst thou a shelter for me? Ah, Polybus, ah, Corinth, and thou that wast called the ancient house of my fathers, how seeming-fair was I your nursling and what ills were festering beneath! O marriage rites, ye gave me birth, and when ye had brought me forth, again ye bore children to your child, ye created an incestuous kinship of fathers, brothers, sons, brides, wives, mothers, yea, all the foulest shame that is wrought among men!

The edition before us has no explanatory notes, but it has a long introduction in German dealing with the origin of Tragedy, the life and work of Sophocles, the metres and staging of the play, followed by an analysis of the same and some remarks on the characters of a rather sketchy and conventional kind. For instance, no note is taken of the fact that Creon is very much less truculent than the Creon of the *Antigone*. After the disclosure, he approaches Oedipus (1422) with the words:

I have not come in mockery, Oedipus, nor to reproach thee with any bygone fault;

but further on (1445) he cannot refrain from something like a taunt:

OE. Will ye then seek a response on behalf of such a wretch as I am?

CR. Aye, for thou wilt surely now put faith in the god.

And afterwards (1523):

Crave not to be master in all things: for the mastery which thou didst win has not followed thee through life.

The text is very conservative, and in that respect is much to be preferred to the Teubner (Dindorf-Mekler) edition, which often corrects readings almost demonstrably sound, e.g., *ἐκπερούμενος* (794), which is proved to be right by a passage in Aelian which says that *ἀστροίς ἐκπερίσθαι* was a proverb like our "to shake off the dust of one's feet." And there are many similar places in which perfectly right readings are rejected and replaced by tasteless conjectures. Professor Hüter's book shows no knowledge of the monumental edition of Jebb nor of any British work on Sophocles.

R. Y. TYRRELL.

LOCUS REFRIGERII

Selected Poems. By NORA CHESSON. In 5 vols. (Alston Rivers, 5s. net.)

THE publishers of these selected poems have followed the plan adopted by another firm in issuing Mr. Sturge Moore's poems. The five volumes are little paper-covered booklets put together in a cardboard case, very dainty and chaste. We opened them with expectations of pleasure, and were not disappointed. Nora Hopper, or Nora Chesson, was a poet whose name was always appearing—and readers were always glad to see it. In the corner of some newspaper or magazine would nestle a little poem, and to read it was to be transported at once out of the world of newspapers and noise into a place of refreshment, a cool and shadowy place, of silence, gentle regret, faint beauty, above all of coolness. It was hard—impossible even—to imagine the poems of Nora Hopper being "set up" by live printers in real type, dabbed with ink, banged together in "formes," sent hurtling through roaring, rattling presses, distributed by carts and hawked with "all the winners" by newspaper boys. The Pixy-folk set them, and the ink was honey-dew. And so the name of Nora Hopper came to be a name one regarded with affection. It was the key to a peaceful, grey garden, a magic wand to waft one through leagues of air to a paradise that is not of this world.

There are, by a rough division, two kinds of poetry. There is the poetry that is a staff, a weapon, a strong right arm; and there is the poetry that is a rest, a refreshment, a means of escape. The one men take down into

battle with them, and use: it is their strength in difficulty, their guide in uncertainty. And that, no doubt, is the greatest poetry. It is useful in life, because it has mastered life: the great imagination has expressed in a dozen lines all the troubles, the woes, the joys, the triumphs and the failures, of the men that live life. It transcends life because it embraces the whole of it. The other kind of poetry men take away with them into hiding. It is not a weapon of battle, but a means of escape; it helps only by wafting the mind away for a while to a place of rest and peace and dreams, whence it may return, if not invigorated, at least soothed.

Such is the poetry of Nora Hopper, the Irish poet of whom death has robbed us all too soon. And those who turn to those five slim volumes will find themselves in that *locus refrigerii* for which even the stoutest and the most eager crave now and then. The selections have been admirably made, and show her art and spirit at their best. This is not great poetry, the poetry of a great mind that has mastered life: it is the sweet, haunting, wistful poetry of one who lived apart, dreaming in a twilight world. It rarely excites. Only once, as we turned the pages, scanning old friends, did we find our blood flowing quicker, and that was when we came upon the poem called "June":

Dark red roses in a honeyed wind swinging,
Silk-soft hollyhock, coloured like the moon;
Larks high overhead lost in light, and singing;
That's the way of June.

Dark red roses in the warm wind falling,
Velvet leaf by velvet leaf, all the breathless noon;
Far-off sea-waves calling, calling, calling;
That's the way of June.

Sweet as scarlet strawberry under wet leaves hidden,
Honeyed as the damask rose, lavish as the moon,
Shedding lovely light on things forgotten, hope forbidden—
That's the way of June.

That has the true fire in it, the fire that burned too faintly in Nora Hopper to allow her greatness. But, that notwithstanding, she offers something that no one, even of her fellow "Celts," has to give, a special note, a special charm of her own; a faint note, a subtle charm not always easily caught, but enough to mark her as an individual singer. Analysed, part of it will be found to lie in her use of accent, which is extraordinarily happy:

Hear, Sleep, dear Sleep, ere my song be ended,
Gather me thy fairest flowers a soft dream to make
For my love—a dream of scent and of music blended.
Ay, and let me kiss the dream for the dreamer's sake.
O Sleep, blow sleep-dust upon his pillow
Till he dreams it is my breast, and to dream is fair;
Let him think it is my hair, not thy branch of willow,
Dark against the little light through the rain-blurred pane.

And that command of accent gave her a power over irregular metres which is none too common. Perhaps the best example is that "Phæacia" which shows not only her power over metre and rhythm but much of the thought, or dream, that makes her poetry what it is:

Let us go hence and find those islands fair,
Go hence and take no care
For Lydian flutes that falter far away.
Let us go hence and take no thought for all
The Linus-songs whose long lamentings fall
Like rain, like rain round our departing feet.
These songs are oversweet
And we are weary of the homespun day,
And we are sick for shadows: let's away,
Link hands and let us go; ere we grow old . . .
Your hand is cold;
Loose hands and let us go, ere we grow old,
To mistier meadows and a softer sky,
There in Phæacia to live and die.

So she dreamed, coming back to earth and its hard facts with a brave effort. Not that her dreaming robbed her of a power to see what was about her. She is often strikingly vivid, catching, as in her poems to the months, the very spirit of the thing, or painting a scene, as in "A White Night," so intensely that it can never be forgotten.

White stand the houses out in the moonless midnight.
Here and there a window lighted yet stands plain,
Strange as a lifted eyelid in a face that slumbers.
The wakefulness behind it, is it grief or sin or pain?

Cart on cart moves stealthily, feet on feet follow;
Wheels plod on reluctantly, creaking as they go;
A snatch of crazy song beats down a baby's crying;
But over all and each the silence falls like snow.

All sounds flower slowly from the heart of silence,
Not as in the daylight, shrieked at ears a-strain:
Harsh sounds come less harshly, and fade before they trouble
Ears that hear them come and go, and peace grow whole again.

One by one the fixed lights grow paler and grow fewer;
One by one man quenches what he lit; the stars remain.
The gray sky whitens; with a shudder it is daylight;
Cocks are crowing sleep away, and day brings rain.

But, throughout, her poetical attitude is that of one who bears with life rather than enjoys it. It will be noticed in reading the selections how many of the poems deal with death, tenderly and sweetly, rather as the reconciler, the reuniter, than the parter of loving hearts, the rest—lonely perhaps for a time, but only for a time—that shall prepare for a final fruition.

The one false word of life is ICHABOD,
The glory is not departed;
They lie who say it, being heavy-hearted.
The glory was here; the glory is hid with God.
All glories that we lose, or we forego,
Some day shall find us, this I surely know.

All lost and lovely things of long ago,
Whose living fire grew cold
Upon the altars that we built of old,
Shall come and warm again
The gray and empty places of our pain,
Visible gods and fair
Breathing immortal promise in the air
That, being past sunset, lets all colours go,

Gladness and sadness that we put away,
And every dim belief of yesterday
For which we do not pray,
Grown old and cold and tired with long desire,
Grown stiff with kneeling in a winter's night
In the ghost-ridden place of old delight,
Blowing the ashes gray
Of youth's extinguished fire,
Grace that we dare not hope for,
Good that we blindly grope for—
A sweet and piteous host
Of lovelinesses lost.

It only remains to add that Mr. Ford Madox Hueffer has written a valuable and temperate little critical study of Nora Chesson's work as an introduction to the selection, and that there is, for those who need it, a glossary of Irish words and allusions. Mr. Hueffer puts the matter of these Irish words with amiable bluntness: Nora Chesson, he says, sometimes called a girl a "colleen" because "the flesh is weak . . . or more often because the line in which it occurred needed a dissyllable." Taking a number of test cases, we find that "maiden" would usually have done just as well as "colleen." Mrs. Chesson chose the Irish word because she was an Irish woman, and her mind a peculiarly Irish mind.

SALMON FISHING

Salmon Fishing. By W. EARL HODGSON. (Black, 7s. 6d. net.)

In his Prefatory Note Mr. Hodgson deprecates the view that his book should be regarded as a compilation of writings already published; yet this is exactly the impression which it leaves upon the reader. It is a compilation, with the component parts very disconnected and very unequal in merit. It is a Fly Book, a Blue Book, a Treatise on Salmon Fishing and, we had almost added, a Novelette, all bound up together. Roughly speaking, it may be divided into four parts. First, and best, come the coloured illustrations of salmon flies;

seventy-six patterns of flies specially tied for the purpose by Malloch of Perth. Then follow several discursive chapters on salmon and salmon fishing, full of speculations and controversy, in the course of which Mr. Hodgson asks innumerable questions and suggests various solutions for most of the problems touching upon the life history of the salmon and the methods of catching him. This leads us on to the third part of the book, where the author inquires into the state of our salmon rivers, and gives us a hundred and fifty pages of letters from authorities in all parts of the British Empire, in his endeavour to answer the question, "Are our salmon rivers declining?" Fourth, we have a very interesting and instructive chapter on "Storage and Passes," which concludes a somewhat pessimistic review of our rivers with the hopeful statement: "Any river that is equipped with storage and passes will speedily recover." Interspersed with this more solid material are lighter pages on river and loch fishing, and a discussion of the spirit of the chase; whilst the book concludes with an amusing account, reproduced from the *Cornhill*, of an adventure at "The Otter's Stone Pool" on the Tay.

"Salmon fishing, though an art, is scarcely a fine art," wrote Mr. Senior, many years ago: be that as it may, Mr. Hodgson now deals with it as a science, and sets himself to work out many of the problems that it suggests. Chiefly is he interested in the discussion of the questions: "Do salmon in fresh water ever, before spawning, take a lure with intent to eat? and, if they do, how often?" Mounted on a white butterfly, he rides full tilt against the serried ranks of the men of science, brushing lightly aside, though he will not "absolutely reject," the great mass of negative evidence which goes to prove "the scientific dogma" that salmon do not feed in fresh water. He scoffs at Dr. Barton's theory that salmon rise at the fly only when they have been running and are fatigued. Possibly they rise from curiosity, possibly from sheer playfulness; but plainly Mr. Hodgson inclines to the view that they rise with "gustatory intent," though he has to admit that this is not yet proven, and decides that "the ultimate verdict of science will be a compromise."

His own contribution to the argument is based on the analogy between salmon and trout. Salmon rise, as a rule, particularly well at or about sundown: so do trout. It is agreed that trout rise then for the purpose of feeding: trout and salmon are near of kin: and therefore it is quite conceivable that salmon should have, like the trout, a regular hour for feeding, or trying to feed, their "evening rise." Indeed it is not easy to believe that while the trout are rising to feed the salmon are only rising in frolic. But he feels bound to admit that this habit may take its rise "in racial reminiscence rather than in actual need." It is interesting to compare this with the other side of the question in New Zealand and Tasmania, where the trout "have acquired a sea-going habit precisely analogous to our salmon, and are taken in nets at sea of great size and with a silver marine livery." From this Mr. Hodgson queries: "Is it possible that salmon and trout are in reality fish of the same race, sprung from a uniform stock? If this be so, we can readily understand why, when in river or lake, salmon rise during the daily feeding-times of the trout." Many salmon fishers, however, would reply to this that salmon undoubtedly rise best in the morning; Mr. Hodgson himself admits that "especially in spring, the heat of the day is good": and no sooner does one lay down any general rule for salmon than one is immediately met by any number of exceptions.

"In all parts of the United Kingdom," writes Mr. Hodgson, "one finds a general belief that the salmon are not to be long in the land." This is very pessimistic; truly "the burden of Egypt" seems to be come upon us, and we are reminded of the words of Isaiah:

The fishes also shall mourn, and all they that cast angle into the brooks shall lament, and they that spread nets upon the waters shall languish.

But this is not a new cry, and Mr. Hodgson is by no means the first to attempt to grapple with the question. As long ago as July 1860 a Royal Commission was appointed "to inquire into the Salmon Fisheries of England and Wales, with the view of increasing the supply of a valuable article of food for the public." It reported the fisheries then "to be in a lamentable state of depression"; but they have since been raised into a valuable source of food-supply. The Report of the Royal Commission of 1902 is much more cheerful in tone:

In Scotland the evidence brought before us does not seem to indicate that in that country there has been any serious diminution in the abundance of salmon, although in many rivers, especially in the less important rivers, the number of fish taken by rods seems to have decreased.

As to the English and Welsh Salmon Fisheries:

while the general tendency during the period of 16 years is, no doubt, downwards, the actual falling off, comparing 1885 and 1900, is not so great as the representations of many witnesses would have led us to expect.

Indeed, the three best years occur towards the end of the period under review, viz., '91, '92, and '95. We quote last from the annual report of proceedings under the Salmon and Freshwater Fisheries Acts, 1905:

The evidence with regard to the salmon fishing season is somewhat conflicting. From the returns of the Boards of Conservators it would appear that it was not satisfactory. On the other hand, the return of the quantity of English and Welsh salmon sent to Billingsgate Market is greater than in any of the nine preceding years.

Blue Books as a rule are not given to optimism, and we consider the reports of the salmon rivers distinctly hopeful. Moreover, when we recollect that, beside the reports of Royal Commissions and the reports issued annually by the Board of Agriculture and Fisheries, and the Scottish Salmon Fisheries, we have the monumental work of Augustus Grimble on "The Salmon Rivers of the British Isles," it might seem a little unnecessary for Mr. Hodgson to have given himself so much trouble in collecting afresh conflicting expressions of opinion about our salmon rivers.

After a collection of letters dealing with all our salmon rivers, we are left to draw our own conclusions. On the whole it seems probable that the actual quantity of salmon caught annually shows increase rather than diminution; that the nets injuriously affect the rod fishing except in wet seasons; and that the Irish rivers are in a thoroughly unsatisfactory condition, owing to inveterate poaching, poisoning and pollution. Incidentally we gather that better results are obtained by protecting spawning salmon on the natural redds than by stripping them of their spawn and rearing it in hatcheries; that otters and crows, cormorants, herons and other birds which prey upon smolts and salmon eggs are greatly on the increase; and that many a pass has been erected at great expense, which has proved absolutely useless, owing to the ignorance of the designer.

We entirely agree with Mr. Hodgson that the root of the difficulty is the water-supply, improved methods of drainage having completely altered the conditions of our rivers. He gives a most favourable account of the experiments in artificial storage on the Helmsdale, in which he is supported by the last Report of the Scottish Salmon Fisheries. Something of the same kind was tried on a smaller scale in 1888 on the Grimersta river in the Island of Lewis, when Mr. Naylor and two friends caught with fly the remarkable bag of three hundred and thirty-three salmon and seventy-one sea trout in the last six days of August, as the result of making an artificial spate in the river from Loch Langabhat.

Space would fail us to discuss the many other topics of interest which are touched upon by Mr. Hodgson, such as the eyesight of salmon, and the way in which they are affected by the temperature of the water, by floods, and by violent disturbances in their neighbourhood, such as

blasting or stoning the pool. It is too early yet to say whether the Thames will again become an important salmon river; and we doubt whether salmon will ever again become so plentiful that the Act of King John's reign, which imposed penalties for using the young salmon smolt for manure, will have to be put into force; nor are apprentices likely to complain again, if ever they did, that salmon figures too often in their bill of fare. But it is quite plain that the salmon of our islands are not likely to die out now through any lack of interest; and Mr. Hodgson's enthusiasm for the cause will do much to spread amongst the general public the interest in our salmon industry, scientific as well as practical, which has increased so much of late in angling quarters.

He would be difficult to please who could quarrel with the Model Set of Flies for Scotland, Ireland, England and Wales, selected by Mr. Malloch and the author. The illustrations are admirable, presumably executed by Mr. Mortimer Menpes, the artist of "The Book of Flies" included in Mr. Hodgson's former work on "Trout Fishing." They are far in advance of any coloured illustrations of salmon flies yet given to the public, but we would suggest that in another edition a list of the flies might with advantage be appended, from which the reader could refer to the plates. The seventy-six flies do not, of course, pretend to be exhaustive: on the other hand many people will think the selection unnecessarily complete.

"CRICKET THE KING"

Great Batsmen: their Methods at a Glance. By G. W. BELDAM and C. B. FRY. Illustrated by 600 Action-Photographs. (Macmillan, 21s. net.)

Great Bowlers and Fielders: their Methods at a Glance. By G. W. BELDAM and C. B. FRY. Illustrated by 464 Action-Photographs. (Macmillan, 21s. net.)

The Complete Cricketer. By A. E. KNIGHT. With 50 illustrations. (Methuen, 7s. 6d. net.)

The M.C.C. in South Africa. By P. F. WARNER. (Chapman & Hall, 6s.)

OF the four books before us two are obviously designed for the amateur cricketer's shelves; the third should find a place on every cricketer's table. The value of the first two—and we think their practical value very slight—lies in the illustrations; that of the third—and we think it considerable from every point of view save the pictorial—in the text. In the "Key-notes" which are prefixed to "Great Batsmen" the authors say:

In short, the book is founded upon Action-Photography and Actual Experience [the capitals, we imagine, are Mr. C. B. Fry's]. It is hoped that the result will prove new and instructive not only to those who are interested in how the leading batsmen play, but also to those who wish to learn the art of batting.

And again:

It is necessary to state with some emphasis that in the selection of the series of photographs of individual batsmen, and in the arrangement of them under "Individualities" and "Strokes Illustrated," there is no differentiation on a basis of merit. That is to say, it must not be supposed that the batsmen included in "Individualities" were picked out as more worthy of individual treatment than some who are distributed under the several divisions of "Strokes Illustrated;" nor that those who are arranged under a particular stroke were selected as being more skilful exponents of it than those who do not appear. Selection and arrangement have been largely determined by the success and completeness of the series of photographs of each player.

We do not think that any one who understands cricket would consider that the authors' hopes have been realised. Instruction in cricket—in batting or in bowling—cannot be conveyed in this way, and it is no exaggeration to say that the unskilled player would learn more from a hundred and fifty pages of Mr. Knight's book than from the whole of the thousand and sixty-four photographs contained between the covers of Messrs. Beldam and Fry's beautiful volumes. If the

authors considered that their scheme was likely to prove "instructive . . . to those who wish to learn the art of batting," none but the best batsmen should have been included, and where particular strokes are illustrated none but the best exponents of those strokes should have been selected. To determine inclusion or exclusion by caprice, by the success or failure of photographs or sets of photographs, is to destroy any practical value the books might have possessed and to render them nugatory in every respect save the photographic. If the negatives of the photographs of L. C. H. Palaret—there are only eight—had been unsatisfactory, we take it he would have been omitted entirely from Messrs. Beldam and Fry's picture-gallery. Yet far more instruction might be derived from watching him play a single innings than from watching Clem Hill, to whom nineteen plates are devoted, play fifteen. And R. E. Foster, to whom eighteen plates are assigned, would teach the spectator more of cricket in thirty minutes than Victor Trumper, who is given twenty plates, would in thirty years! Why are there only nine photographs of Tyldesley and thirteen of Hayward against twenty-four of C. B. Fry? Perhaps because Mr. Fry is the more accomplished *poseur*. But did a faint sense of the fitness of things steal over him when he hid his face behind his arm in posing for the picture which ornaments the cover of "Great Batsmen"? Mr. Beldam, we note, figures seldom: his modesty is akin to that of Mr. Knight, who does not admit a single photograph of himself into his book.

Again, the action-photographs, with perhaps one or two exceptions, cannot be said to represent the players in their natural actions: they have stood to the photographer, always endeavouring to "look their best." The result is not helpful to the man or youth who picks up the volumes for instruction. Sometimes—more often, we suspect, than the authors themselves admit—the ball bowled to the batsman was not the one he would have countered with the stroke he had been asked to illustrate: compelled to drive, he would have preferred to cut the ball received; compelled to cut, he would have preferred to drive. The resulting photograph is not fair to the batsman. Nor is it quite fair to the purchaser. Cricket cannot be taught in this fashion. Messrs. Beldam and Fry may plead that time did not enable them to obtain natural photographs; if this were so, the defective negatives should never have been printed. You cannot teach a man how to ride by depicting another on a wooden horse.

Substantially the same objection may be urged against the volume on "Great Bowlers and Fielders: their Methods at a Glance." True, these methods are in most cases admirably shown, but of what use is this to the man who buys the book in order to obtain an insight into the real thing? Will attempted imitation of W. G. Grace or Ranjitsinghi, of Spofforth or Hirst, make a great batsman or a great bowler? We think not. No two men can play the same kind of stroke or bowl the same kind of ball in the same way. Careful tuition will do much: but a man's style, in cricket as in most other things, is the expression of his individuality.

We have left ourselves insufficient space to do justice to the third book on our list: "The Complete Cricketer." Mr. Knight—a young Leicestershire professional—is a delightful cricketer to watch, and his book affords as much entertainment as his play, though much of the humour is not intentional, for he is wholly serious when he tells us that W. G. Grace "represents cricket as the Pope represents Christianity, not as St. Francis represents it," and speaks of Victor Trumper's play, with its "luxuriant masterfulness, yet with the unlaboured easy naturalness of a falling tear, or rather showers from the sunny lips of summer"! We expected to find a reference to "Euripides the human" in the near neighbourhood, but were disappointed. These, however, are minor defects. Mr. Knight is new to literature, his education has been, we believe, largely self-acquired, and he is anxious, as most young authors are anxious, to display his learning. But he writes with

enthusiasm and with the knowledge that comes of experience in the best possible school: a county which invariably figures near the bottom of the championship list.

Starting with an excellent outline of the early history and development of the game, Mr. Knight gives us chapters on batting, bowling, fielding, captaincy, umpiring, cricket on farther shores, players of the past and present, and modern cricket and its problems, with two appendices: the rules as revised and amended by the M.C.C., and an invaluable glossary of cricket terms, from which the uninitiated may learn the meaning of "donkey-drops," "googlies," "rabbits," "sitters," "trealers," and so on. His remarks on the amateur v. professional question are interesting: the attitude taken up by a section of the public and by many of our leading newspapers too often approaches snobbishness, and the professional is seldom heard. The chapter on captaincy is the best we have read, and those on batting and bowling are instructive. We have heard many good cricketers object to a batsman criticising bowling, but it cannot be denied that he is in the best position to judge of the merits and demerits of a particular ball. Mr. Knight is at one with us in our view that it is futile to attempt to teach a man to bowl by means of pictorial illustrations. The great bowler is born: by tuition you may improve his deliveries, make them more destructive of the batsman's peace of mind, but you cannot make a great, or even a good, bowler of a man who has no natural ability for the work. We entirely agree with his protest against the view that fielding is a decaying art. To watch R. E. Foster in the slips, L. G. Wright at point, Rhodes at cover-point, or Denton in the long field, is to watch four of the finest fielders we have ever had. On the whole, we think the average level of fielding amongst the county teams remarkably high: we do not wish to see a better all round field than G. L. Jessop. Mr. Knight's book is one which, put into the hands of youth, will make cricketers of many who, but for its stimulus, might never have pursued their early triumphs. In its way it bids fair to become a cricket classic; we should like to see it in every school library.

Of Mr. Warner's "The M.C.C. in South Africa" little need be said. It is pretentious and dull, and we think the letters reprinted might well have been allowed a last resting-place in the columns of the paper in which they originally appeared.

A WAIF

A POET dreamed me; but he woke,
And with the slumber-thread
Of Memory, the morning broke,
And, lo, the vision fled!

Henceforth a homeless wanderer
It is my fate to be.
Till Memory of things that were
Re-clothe and shelter me.

JOHN B. TABB.

SOME OLD PROVERBS

IN the days before cheap editions, penny posts and daily newspapers, if a man wished his wisdom to be known and remembered, he had perforce to enshrine it briefly and pithily. Hence our rich proverbial lore, packed with philosophy and knowledge of human nature, yet clear to the humblest understanding, as it had to be when its only means of propagation was the tongue of pedlars and village folk. Nowadays, if a man has an idea half so rich and suggestive as some of these old saws, he makes a treatise on it, or at least a serious novel, and it is reviewed as "an earnest effort to grapple with the problem," and is dead in half a year. The germ of several

volumes of worthy Discourses can be seen in the vigorous terseness of: "Ye wald do little for God an the Devil were dead."

To study a collection of proverbs is to take a bird's-eye view of human nature; the unanimity on some points in different parts of the earth speaks of the touch of nature that makes us kin. This is specially true of food; *Punch* only topped the chorus with his: "Feed the brute." The old Hebrew had been before him with: "Spread the table and contention will cease"; the Englishman with: "An hungry man is an angry man"; and the South American Indian with: "The dus' shouldn't settle on de meal-box," and "It's a mighty deaf nigger dat don't year de dinner-ho'n."

Physicians fare badly in proverbial lore. There is a mystery about the sayings applied to the medical profession which lends them a dark fascination. "Do not," says an Oriental maxim with much earnestness but no explanation, "Do not dwell in a city whose governor is a Physician." Equally libellous, and equally subtle is: "Honour a Physician before thou hast need of him." Or . . . what? asks the mind. "God healeth," sighs a Cornishman, with perhaps a fee to pay, "and the Physician hath the thanks."

The Law and the Church fare just as badly, for Truth must dispense with her crinoline if she is to fit into a proverb. "The Law is not the same at morning and night" is the most kindly remark to be found applied to it; and the Church must not cavil (for fear of going further and faring worse) at: "Take heed of an Ox before, an Ass behind, and a Monk on all sides." Although the proverb-makers waste no praise on the law, they are not much inclined towards the quality of mercy. "He that gives honour to his enemy is like to an ass," mildly observes one, who evidently wishes to be as little rude as may be. Seven hundred years ago, Sa'adi sat in his Rose-Garden and wrote: "Show no mercy to a foe in his weakness, since when he is strong he will show thee none," quite the wrong sort of reflection for a Rose-Garden. He found an echo five hundred years later in England:

When you are an Anvil, hold you still,
When you are a Hammer, strike your fill.

The descent to Avernus is easy in other languages than Latin. "It's easier to fall than to climb," says an old proverb; and the further West has it: "De top ob de hill is harder to find dan de bottom." Virginian wisdom is delightful, and not always in accordance with tradition. For instance, it does not believe that the shorn lamb has the wind tempered for it, but rather that: "De hail-stones don't pick de hard heads to drop on." It would be interesting to know the real solution of this weird saying: "Nigger wid a pocket-han'kcher better be looked after," but perhaps ignorance is bliss in this case. The conduct of life is not neglected in the darkie's lore; he thinks that: "Looks won't do ter split rails wid"; and that: "Youk'n hide de fier, but w'at you gwine do wid de smoke?" a question which criminals would do well to consider; but he goes deeper, and joins hands with Polycrates of the emerald ring, when he counsels: "Watch out w'en you'er gittin all you want. Fattenin' hogs ain't in luck." The last five words have the force of a sledge-hammer.

Fools monopolise a great number of proverbs, but, as a rule, without much rancour. "Twa fools in ane house is ower many," plaintively remarks an unknown with whom most people will agree; there is a feeling tone about his exclamation, as of personal experience of such a household. An alarming suggestion of infection is contained in: "One fool makes a hundred"; but the antidote follows in: "He is a fool who is not melancholy once a day."

"Wheresoever you see your kindred, make much of your friends," is a dark saying; but if family affection is not enjoined, neighbourly affection is to be qualified: "Love thy neighbour—but pull not down thy hedge." No one will deny that "the best remedy against an ill man is much ground between both."

Children do not figure very prominently among the elder proverbs; but it is occasionally evident that they made their mark even in the days when they were brought up in suppression. Most people have experienced the desperate calm, the inward, frozen "Kismet!" with which one hears a small voice clearly proclaiming most private matters.

Children pick up words as pigeons pease,
And utter them again as God shall please.

Some poor soul had passed through dreadful moments before arriving at the conclusion that earthly intervention was useless and only Heaven could help!

It is a crude way of mentioning poetical licence to say: "Painters and poets have leave to lie," and shows a lack of sympathy for the sensitive artistic temperament. Yet without this bluntness these sayings would lose half their charm. They all bear the impress of life and experience upon them; they have been forged by sincere emotion, and are the outcome of many thousands of human lives. Who could resist the directness, the penetration, and the careless touch of honest democracy, in the simple sentence: "Kings and Bares oft worries their keepers"?

There are many books on the classes and the masses of all countries and ages; but there has never been a truer solution of the surface difference which has always separated them, and must separate them to the end, than in the kindly tolerance of the unknown wise man, who, untrammelled by grammar, said (may his memory live for ever!): "Courtesie is cumbersom to them that kens it not."

A LITERARY CAUSERIE

HAZLITT AND SAINTE-BEUVE

IT now seems to be an accepted idea that the English mind has ever been wanting in critical power. But, as a matter of history, the modern art of criticism is of English origin. It was one of the branches of portraiture founded in this country in that age of invention, the eighteenth century. Hogarth was the first painter, I believe, to depict natural gesture; Richardson was certainly the first novelist to portray the subtler lights and shadows of passion, and Dr. Johnson was the first critic to delineate the complexion of genius, and to trace its substance and form in the lives and characters of authors, before studying in their works its manifestation and general value. By definitely connecting, in a manner adumbrated by Dryden, the art of biography with the art of appreciation, the writer of the "Lives of the Poets" did that which it has been given to few men in any era to accomplish: he elaborated a new literary form. Moreover, it is one which, as M. Anatole France has observed, may yet end in absorbing many of the older forms. This event is no doubt a remote one. The modern art of criticism supposes a greater general culture than all other kinds of literature: it needs, in order to prosper, a public with an unusual fineness of taste, catholicity of interests, and breadth and versatility of mind. Hence, it has never been a popular branch of letters. It has flourished only in circles of curious, polished, and well-informed readers: in the circle of Dr. Johnson, in the circle of Hazlitt, and in the circle of Sainte-Beuve. Happily, the circle of Hazlitt was larger than that of Dr. Johnson, and the circle of Sainte-Beuve larger still than that of Hazlitt; and this progress in popularity has been accompanied by a progress in the art itself.

In the matter of invention Hazlitt equalled Dr. Johnson. The "Contemporary Portraits" were as authentic in design and as original in execution as the "Lives of the Poets." Dr. Johnson was a critic who had practised as a novelist: Hazlitt was a critic who had practised as a painter. Their points of view were, therefore, entirely different. Hazlitt was not concerned with character in its growth, but with character in its flower. He regarded the personality of an author, in the fashion of a painter,

as a fixed thing to be set forth in as vivid and brilliant a manner as possible. The Velasquez of literary critics, he depicted excellently that which he really saw. In the art of appreciation he may not have been pre-eminent: Coleridge's depth of insight and Lamb's exquisiteness of taste were, perhaps, as remarkable as Hazlitt's gusto, range and directness of vision: but in the art of character-writing in the manner of the seventeenth century, he was incomparable. His picture of "The Spirit of the Age" is a masterpiece. He seems to have been interested more in the cast of mind of his contemporaries than in the form of their ideas, and to have interpreted their works in the light of his study of their temperaments. The result is that his sketches have the glow, the colour and the movement of life. Affecting neither aloofness nor impartiality, he carries his readers with him into the arena, and inspires them with somewhat of the interest and the passion with which he mingled in the conflict of the personal forces of his period.

One reader he inspired with an enthusiasm equal to his own. When the "Contemporary Portraits" became known in France, the future author of "Portraits Contemporains" was a critic of the academic French school of the eighteenth century. Though Sainte-Beuve was well versed in English letters, he had failed to see the importance of the revolution effected by Dr. Johnson in the method of criticism, and it was not until Villemain applied the new method to the study of French literature that he recognised its great value. But, just when he appeared to have lost in the field of criticism the position of innovator which his comrades were acquiring in the field of lyrical and dramatic poetry, he found in the work of Hazlitt the example of an art more novel and attractive than that which Villemain had introduced. "The Spirit of the Age," with its bold and incisive delineation of the characters of living authors, its romantic and liberal point of view, and its impassioned discussion of the problems of the day, was to him a source of enlightenment and an object of emulation:

There is another sort of criticism [he exclaimed with the joy of a discoverer] more alert and more engaged in the tumult of the hour and in its living issues: in this the critic, armed like a light horseman, rides in the van of the battle and there directs the movements of the spirits of his age.

Then, to show clearly from whom he derived his inspiration, Sainte-Beuve published under the name of Hazlitt some verses on the new school of criticism. His "Sonnet by Hazlitt" is of no great literary merit, but it is, perhaps, worth citing, as it certainly expresses something of the spirit of the English essayist:

Oh, ne me blamez pas de ma critique active !
Tout lendemain d'article emporté vaillamment
A pour moi son réveil matinal et charmant,
Tant la pensée afflue et tant l'image arrive !

Au clairon de la veille, à ce pressant *qui vive*,
Maint beau rêve lointain, et sans cela dormant,
S'arme, accourt, mais trop tard, et voit l'endroit fumant,
Et se met avec l'aube à chanter sur la rive.

Après les lents écrits, après les longs combats,
A-t-on si fol essor, si joyeuses recrues,
Tant d'oiseaux babillards panachés en soldats ?

Le steam-boat a passé : les vagues accrues
Se dressant comme au bruit de flottes apparues,
S'ébattent à grand aïse et rêvent d' Armadas.

Some serious men of letters [Sainte-Beuve continued with a glance at Villemain] are inclined to slight this sort of writing; still, a gallery of contemporary portraits may present a lively idea of the spirit of a period. In the case of writers of past ages, it is not easy to trace the connection between their books and their personality and circumstances. On the other hand, in the case of living authors, however incomplete and changeable their work may be, and in however constrained a manner a critic may have to write of them, yet, when he has found the key to their talent or genius, he can make his discovery known without proclaiming it from the house-tops.

The last sentence is characteristic of Sainte-Beuve. There is something feminine in his curious mixture of timidity and subtlety, as there is something masculine in

Hazlitt's vehemence and outspokenness. The two critics had, however, much in common with each other. They were sentimental epicureans with a strain of morbid feeling which found expression in a similar manner in the "Liber Amoris" and the "Livre d'Amour"—Sainte-Beuve was fond of Hazlitt's titles!—; and probably they both saved themselves from the fate of Amiel by giving an outward direction to their restless faculty of introspection, and transforming it into an unusual power of insight into the souls of their contemporaries. Hazlitt had the stronger character, Sainte-Beuve the more impressionable nature. The French writer's interests in life were narrower than those of the English essayist, but his sympathies were more profound. Insensible to the influence of abstract ideas but keenly susceptible to the force of personality, he was dominated in turn by every leader of thought of his age. As his attachments were matters of sentiment rather than matters of reason, when the attachments were broken something of the sentiment remained to intimidate and weaken his judgment. Hence his "Portraits Contemporains" compare unfavourably with the "Contemporary Portraits" of Hazlitt. The disciple lacked his master's clarity of vision and his sureness and vivacity of touch. He did not then know his own mind well enough to understand fully the minds of the men who had subdued and misled him. Having failed to find in Hugo, Chateaubriand, Lamennais and the Saint-Simonians the strength and inspiration he needed, he was so vexed with them that he wished to indicate the element of unsoundness in their genius; but he was unable to do so as he had no settled ground of criticism. He still wavered between surrendering himself to his sense of the sweetness and beauty of religion, and cultivating his growing interest in life as a spectacle as meaningless as it was entertaining. He was a sentimental sceptic in the making, the forerunner of Renan, but he had not succeeded in transforming his natural indecision and voluptuousness of character into an instrument of exquisite epicureanism. This, however, he at last did in his work on the greatest of his contemporaries, Chateaubriand. He was then forty-five years of age.

His genius, slower in growth than that of Hazlitt, produced, when it arrived at maturity, fruit of a stranger and more penetrating savour. His weaknesses gradually became a source of strength; his timidity was refined into subtlety; his vacillation into the hesitancy of a taste of extraordinary delicacy; his aversion from plain-speaking into a sort of Attic reticence in expression. Above all, the erratic adventures of his own frail and vagrant soul in a world of personal forces endued him with a singular versatility of sympathy and an uncommon power of insight, which enabled him to enter into the souls of all kinds of men and to study them dispassionately and yet intimately as examples of the frames of mind through which he had passed on his way to a profound and ultimate state of scepticism. In his hands, criticism became the art of living an infinity of lives and of living them, at times, more deeply, more intensely and more clearly than the persons who actually had lived them. In matters of taste he never displayed, in regard to the sublime things in literature, the gusto of Hazlitt; in matters of feeling he never exhibited, in regard to the heroic things in life, the fiery passion of Carlyle; nevertheless, in the matter of portraiture Hazlitt, in comparison with him at his best, seems to be a painter of surfaces, and Carlyle a sculptor of figures of fantasy. Sainte-Beuve was, in fact, an incomparable student of the varieties of the human mind. Partly English in his origin and culture, but wholly French in the diverseness and undulancy of his nature, he infused into the form of art invented by Dr. Johnson something of the charm and the spirit of Montaigne.

EDWARD WRIGHT.

[Next week's *Causerie* will be "Dostoyevsky," by Edward Garnett.]

FICTION

A Sovereign Remedy. By FLORA ANNIE STEEL. (Heinemann, 6s.)

WE have sometimes thought in reading Mrs. Steel's Indian stories that they owed much, if not everything, to their Indian background. The author was able to throw the glamour of India like a golden veil over men and women who, if seen without the veil, would have lacked life. In this novel Mrs. Steel has bravely thrown away the veil and given us what is in her without the aid of Eastern magic. The surroundings are British, the characters are British and the moral is that Britons are in a bad way. Mrs. Steel has the most positive opinions about matters that other minds see from various sides and find puzzling. We will not say that the opinions are held consistently or even are consistent with each other; but consistency is a virtue requiring qualities of judgment and deliberation that are apt to put out the generous fire of enthusiasm. At any rate, Mrs. Steel is not in agreement with Pippa, who, after touching tragedy at various points, decided that all was right with the world. Mrs. Steel says that there are three nations in this country, the idle rich, the philanthropic rich and the poor; and that the people who do the most harm are the philanthropic rich. When Lord Blackborough is introduced to us he is the richest peer in England; when we part from him he is ruined. We knew from the beginning that he would be, and it made us uncomfortable, because we think that heroes who squander their money for no good reason are more silly than heroic. But in this story all the sordid, material people either have money or get it; and all the noble, spiritual people either have none or throw it away as soon as they can. The best thing in the book is the distinction between Ned and Ted: the little touches that show you one man made of fine clay, the other of coarse: one man so indifferent to money that his folly in losing it provokes you: the other man so set on money that his whole outlook is vulgarised, his moral standard gradually lowered. The incredible thing is that a girl like Aura should have been happy in his neighbourhood. We believe that Mrs. Steel is trying to express a high spiritual idea in Aura's love-story, and we want to follow and understand her as well as we can. But we find now, as we have often found before in her novels, that she is content to leave her people and their motives half-explained, nebulous. The result is that we have no faith in Aura just when we want faith most. We can believe that an innocent unworldly girl might refuse at first to marry the man she loved because she was afraid of putting her love to the test of marriage. But the whole episode is too fine for us. We can just succeed in following Aura to the point where she refuses to marry Ned and we hope, as he did, that she will have changed her mind when he comes back in two months. It staggers us when she goes straight home from her interview with him and agrees quite cheerfully to marry Ted. Later in the story Ned visits her and finds that she actually is happy with Ted in a hideous semi-detached villa, cooking his dinner and wearing pink satin and pearls when Mr. Hirsch and Miss Hirsch dine with them. Ned, who has been trying in vain to forget her at the other end of the world, is shocked; and so are we. "The electric blue paper covered with gigantic poppies of a deeper hue" jars on us, as do all her surroundings. If fate had driven her there we would have applauded her for making the best of fate; but we never met a young woman who chose the lowest with more inexplicable determination: inexplicable, because Aura is a charming figure, innocent and beautiful. So her history becomes a baffling medley of the real and the ideal, and in spite of her charm she remains one of Mrs. Steel's enigmas. There are many other people in the book: the Jewish financier, Mr. Hirsch, is a character we often meet in fiction nowadays, but this one is likeable. He must have lived a long while in England however, for he seems to have forgotten his German.

A Rogue's Tragedy. By BERNARD CAPES. (Methuen, 6s.)

THERE is no one like Mr. Capes for rogues; no one like him for showing us depths of roguery contrasted sharply against the whitest of innocence. The difficulty in his new novel is to determine which was the rogue, whose tragedy gives the title. For there are many rogues in this story of old Savoy, and they all have tragedies: the aged, hideous libertine, the Marquis di San Rocco, who married the white lily of Savoy on the understanding that for a year he should not be her husband in more than name, and then met his death in attempting to break that understanding; there is his natural son, Gaston, or Cartouche, or Mr. Trix, the *macaroni*, the dandy of iron will and a great capacity for affairs, who loved the white lily all his life and died to save her; there is Dr. Bonito, ex-physician to the Marquis and a prominent member of the Society of the Illuminati, who blackmailed the white lily and was killed by Cartouche for his pains. There is Monsieur de France, the lily's father, a truer villain in his meanness and pride than any; finally there is Louis-Marie de Saint-Péray, the lily's second husband, who murdered her first. He, however, was not so much villain as fool. Pious, hesitating, over-sensitive, he allows the lily to shoulder the whole burden of his life—murder and all—and bear it till in their middle age the French Revolution brings both to the guillotine, and the lily, as she thinks, to Hell for her husband's sin. And then, there is the lily herself. Now, some novelists have a gift of pitching you head foremost into love with the heroine at first meeting—and that without a word of description. Mr. Capes is not one of these. We are never in love with Yolande of the white hands; we can but take it for granted—without sympathy—that she was as lovely and desirable as the Marquis, Mr. Trix, Louis-Marie, and others all found her. And the more we hear of her, the less we love her. We come, in fact, almost to dislike her, and for a simple reason. It is conceivable that the Latin races are able to discuss purity without feeling it soiled thereby: the English are not. Nine readers out of ten will feel that in so persistently dwelling on the purity, the maidenhood, of his heroine, in making it the point of his story and preserving no reticence on the subject, Mr. Capes has rubbed all the bloom off her freshness, has staled the very whiteness with which he intended to dazzle us. That gives a mawkish flavour to a book that is strong, with the elaborate strength of Mr. Capes, full of thought, of incident, of contrast, of sharp characterisation and vigorous narrative. We read, spell-bound, fascinated; we shudder as we lay down the book, feeling that nothing is so horrible as a clumsy hand.

Our Lady of the Pillar. By EÇA DE QUEIROZ. Done into English by EDGAR PRESTAGE. (Constable, 2s. 6d. net.)

The Sweet Miracle. By EÇA DE QUEIROZ. Done into English by EDGAR PRESTAGE. (Moser.)

THE works of the Portuguese novelist, Eça de Queiroz, of whom we have two little translations by Mr. Edgar Prestage before us, should be translated entire by the same hand and published for the delectation of English readers. Queiroz was the founder of the modern realist school in Portugal, and, being born in 1843, he accomplished in the lifetime that closed in 1900 a great work. "Cousin Basil," "The Correspondence of Fradique Mendes," "The Relic" and other books, show the extraordinary versatility of the man, the breadth of his sympathies, the exactness of his observation, his humour, the richness of his mind, his unique vividness of presentation. In the original his management of language recalls that of Flaubert, and we may say at once that Mr. Prestage has done very well in his translations. We have here not a little of the music of the original, the inevitable aptness and vividness of the words, the rigid rejection of the unfitting, and the harmony of style that breathes through the whole of each of these short stories. "Our Lady of the Pillar" is a work that one cannot forget. In tone, sentiment, subject, it is mediæval.

It tells of a young Spanish knight and his love for a young Spanish lady married to a jealous old noble: of the horrible trap by which the lover, who had no idea of pressing his suit, was lured into visiting the old noble's country castle, and of the strange means by which the Virgin of the Pillar saved him from being foully murdered. It is a weird, an enthralling story, of gibbets by lonely roadsides, of creaking chains, of a dead felon who came to life, and returned, when his mission was done, to his gibbet. Passionate love and hideous jealousy and lofty honour are in every line; there is deep mystery and thrilling horror; and over all the blaze of the Spanish sun or the glowing depths of the Spanish night. But what makes the story especially remarkable is the manner of its telling; the extraordinary closeness and vividness of imagination, the sharpness of effect, the severe economy of words with which the desired impression is irresistibly conveyed. It shows workmanship of the highest order. So, in its very different way, does "The Sweet Miracle" (*Suave Milagre*). This is a little fantasy of the Holy Land in the days of our Lord. A rich man of Samaria sends his servants to seek Him, that He may remove the misfortunes that have befallen his estates: they cannot find Him. A Roman centurion sends his soldiers to seek Him, that He may cure his only daughter; they cannot find Him. A crippled boy, who has lain starving and groaning on the rags of a rotting mattress in a hovel wishes that He might come to cure him, and with a smile, He appears in the doorway. Once more the particular effect is gained by severe economy of means: it is perfect—a minute jewel, but flawless and of the first water and cut by a master hand.

The Wickhamses. By W. PETT RIDGE. (Methuen, 6s.)

THE work of Mr. Pett Ridge commands attention and quite deservedly so: for, though it lacks distinction of thought and of expression, it is downright and amiable and sincere. He has the knack (and it is no inconsiderable one) of fitting friends as old as Dickens with fresh garments, so that the old friends appear amazingly well in their new guise. He makes no attempt to be modern, and herein precisely lies his quality and his limitation. There is something about his work that is strangely reminiscent of a German room, neatly arranged and very clean, with its warmth and comfort and the agreeable sweet smell of some old herb coming from the great stove in the corner: and yet stay in that room too long and open goes the large window to its full extent, however biting the wind may be outside. Though the herb is at first fragrant, and the warmth and neatness are at first pleasant and home-like, the room suddenly and soon is apt to become stuffy and unbearable: its comfort is deceptive and so unduly exaggerates pique at its natural consequence. Mr. Pett Ridge never keeps you too long in his room. The visit is timed to a nicety and its effect is, therefore, all that is agreeable. "The Wickhamses" is no exception and is perfectly typical of his manner and mind in its old-fashioned fragrance of sentiment, its closeness and its extreme neatness of construction. The family come up to London from the country—their arrival in Islington in the first chapter is a capital opening—and Mr. Wickhams settles down to his work as a printer with Joseph his son, Mary, Sarah and Ruth, his three daughters. The children's wits are sharpened by the air of London and they strike out lines of their own, leaving their father, who is an old tyrant, yet lovable for all his tyranny. Mary marries very well: Sarah becomes an illustrator and journalist: Jo makes his way in the City and Ruth teaches. In a word, the family breaks up, and Mr. Wickhams, who is too old to adapt himself to London, fails. Each member of the family is too interested in his or her own pursuits to care much for him or his future or each other, until they all meet at little Ruth's funeral in the country—she was the youngest and the gentlest—and then they make a compact to stand by each other in the future and not to forget the compact until they have forgotten her. The best thing in

the book (and that alone would make the book well worth reading) is Jo's initiation as office-boy in the business house. Mr. Pett Ridge can describe a phase of life with extraordinary skill: the picture is vivid and convincing: if he possessed the same skill in presenting his persons as he does in presenting his actual background, his work would be of a very high order indeed. But he does not. His characters are no more than agreeable shadows, and his work accordingly—good honest work though it undoubtedly is and full of charm—just misses excellence.

A Pixy in Petticoats. (Alston Rivers, 6s.)

IF "A Pixy in Petticoats" be a first essay in fiction, the author—or authors, for here and there we fancy we detected traces of a woman's hand—shows considerable promise. That we found the opening chapters dull and both Burrough and Beatrice a little unconvincing at first, is a tribute rather than a reproach: the authors of the book have studied the varied elements which make up the sum of life, and they know that the gold seldom overshadows the drab. Once launched on the story, our interest never flags: little by little, by subtle revelations of character, we come to understand the "pixy in petticoats" and the man who is slowly winning his way back to health in the solitudes of Dartmoor, and our doubts clear. They are not the conventional hero and heroine: faultless, impossible. That is why they become convincing. We are shown their deficiencies—very real deficiencies they are—and as our understanding increases, we grow to love the wayward Beatrice whom the moor and the winds and the pixies call from the habitations of man, and to love also, in lesser degree, the lonely Burrough in his cottage at the edge of the gorge. They are living, breathing creatures, and we follow them in their mad escapades; enter into their swaling excursion and their adventures in the storm that breaks upon them on their way back from Cranmere; sit in the ruins of Tom-tit-tot's Palace and listen to Beatrice telling her Cornish folk-tale—the story of the famous Tregagle; and gradually the spirit of the moors enters into our veins, and we live their lives. But we know that Beatrice is not for Burrough: is not, indeed, for any man: we know that she is wedded to the moor and the winds and the flowers and the pixies, and when the bogs of Cranmere claim their toll, we turn the last page with a feeling of thankfulness that the author has triumphed over an obvious temptation. With a little more power, and here and there a little more restraint, "A Pixy in Petticoats" might have been a great book. Dickens would have gloried in the characters Anne and Willum Cobbledick—but he would probably have spoilt them by exaggeration.

FINE ART

PAINT AND PERSONALITY

OF the general belief that painters can be made though poets must be born, ample evidence is afforded by the innumerable art-schools in all civilised countries. The common habit of regarding pictures as imitations rather than creations, as representations rather than presentations, has betrayed us into attaching too great an importance to the painter's manual dexterity, too little to his mental qualities. Criticism of recent years has devoted itself so exclusively to the analysis of the painter's handiwork that we are in danger of losing sight of that "fundamental brain-work" which is, as Rossetti said, the ground foundation of every work of art; and in debating on the relative importance of subject and treatment our critics are apt to forget the supreme importance of the painter's personality.

Just as in the eighteenth century the student was taught that excellence in painting might be attained by imitating the performances of the old masters, so to-day art-students

all the world over are being exhorted to copy nature as the best means to artistic grace, and few have the wit to perceive or the courage to declare that art proceedeth from within and not from without, that fidelity to nature is unavailing without a personal appreciation of the pictorial beauties in a landscape. That beauty resides more in the seeing eye than in the object seen is now admitted to be a truism, but the belief is still prevalent that artistic mastery springs more from the painter's hand than his brain.

To combat this fashionable fallacy is the principal object of an article recently contributed by M. Maurice Denis to the Parisian review, *L'Ermitage*, an article so sound in theory and apt in expression that we make no apology for the following quotation:

Parce que trop de critiques autrefois la confondaient avec la littérature et ne jugeaient dans un tableau que les intentions du sujet écrit, ou le plus ou moins de ressemblance entre l'objet peint et l'objet représenté, on c'est insurgé avec quelle raison! contre la peinture littéraire, contre la niaiserie naturaliste. Il s'en faut qu'il faille cependant exalter uniquement les qualités matérielles de l'œuvre d'art et mépriser les qualités de l'homme qui s'en sert pour s'exprimer. L'artiste est à lui-même son véritable sujet. Restreindre l'art à traduire une sensation d'un moment, c'est sous couleur de sincérité, une forme d'abdication de soi, aussi fâcheuse que celle qui consiste à raconter froidement une anecdote ou à paraphraser un sujet littéraire. Mais ne chercher dans la peinture, comme on tend à le faire de plus en plus, que le plaisir sensuel des yeux, ne la vouloir que décorative, c'est ignorer la part que prend l'âme humaine aux satisfactions esthétiques, c'est faire de la psychologie de primaire, c'est soumettre une des plus complexes opérations de l'esprit à d'inexactes catégories. Qu'importe dans une œuvre d'art la vérité ou la fantaisie, le sujet littéraire ou l'absence de su jets? je n'y retrouve pas vivante une émotion d'homme? Il y a trop de peintures qui n'ont pas d'âme. A force de se vouloir personnels, originaux, libérés de toute influence, les jeunes artistes en sont arrivés à s'enorgueillir des moindres singularités de leur technique improvisée. Leur ambition est de n'être que peintres et de ne devoir leur supériorité qu'aux tours de force de peinture qu'ils croient avoir réussi. C'est ce que M. Remy de Gourmont appelle la superstition du talent. . . . Il ne suffit pas de vouloir n'être que peintre pour l'être supérieurement. L'exemple d'un Cézanne ou d'un Vuillard n'infirme pas notre opinion. Car s'il est vrai qu'il ne tirent que des ressources mêmes de leur art les moyens par quoi ils nous émeuvent, il faut noter quel est l'apport de leur sensibilité: avec quelle passion ils s'efforcent de chercher aux spectacles de la nature des équivalents exquis ou somptueux; avec quels scrupules ils s'attachent à ne rendre de la nature que l'admirable reflet qu'ils en trouvent en eux-mêmes.

The warnings sounded by this French critic are more than ever needed during the present reign of the virtuoso. Our Royal Academy exhibitions prove that there are too many "soulless pictures" in England as well as in France, and in painting, as in music, the tendency of the day is to rate execution above expression. Yet we need go no further than the Tate Gallery to learn by comparing Rossetti's *Annunciation* with Mr. Hacker's treatment of the same subject which of these two is the more important. Technically Mr. Hacker is far better equipped than Rossetti was at the time he made this picture, his drawing of the figure is far more correct, his knowledge of perspective is doubtless more profound; yet with all his dexterity he fails to give the one thing Rossetti secures with his scantier technical ability, that living, human emotion without which, as M. Denis observes, all pictures are profitless.

L'artiste est à lui-même son véritable sujet. It is the painter who makes the picture, not his model, nor his master, though these, we willingly concede, may give him some assistance. If a painter have no poetry in himself, there will be no poetry in his painting. If he be a commonplace man, his pictures will be commonplace, for all his knowledge of drawing, perspective and chiaroscuro. On the other hand, if a man be possessed of an artistic temperament, his paintings, howsoever faulty they may be in technique, will assuredly be neither uninteresting nor commonplace. Whatsoever there be in a man will come out in his picture, whether he be a trained draughtsman or no. "Whatever of dignity," said Leighton, "whatever of strength we have within us will dignify and make strong the labour of our hands; whatever littleness degrades our spirit will lessen and drag them down.

Whatever noble fire is in our hearts will burn also in our work, whatever purity is ours will chasten and exalt it." Can we not read in the over-polished surfaces of Leighton's own works that excess of courtliness which sapped his strength?

No amount of training will make the student a great painter unless the artist soul be his already, and his first step towards becoming a great painter must be the cultivation and development of his own personality. And if training cannot save him, neither can truth. Mere attention to accuracy has never yet made a great artist. As Watts, arguing himself into a corner, was forced to concede that the subject of a painting was less important than the treatment, the "character of utterance," so one of the simplest and deepest of Nature-lovers, Jules Dupré, was bound to admit: "Nature is only a pretext; art, passing through the individual, is the goal. Why," he asked, "does one speak of a Vandyck, a Rembrandt, without saying what the picture represents? It is because the subject should disappear, so that the individual only, the creator, may exist. Another example: one says, 'stupid as a cabbage.' But who dares to say 'stupid as a cabbage painted by Chardin?' It is that the human being has passed into it."

Let the painter go to nature by all means, but let him not come back seeking our praise solely because he has truthfully copied what he saw. If accuracy were all, then would painting be a science and not an art; but because the subjective qualities in a painting outweigh its objective truth we demand of the artist that he should return, not with a topographical inventory, but with the reflection of an aspect of nature transfigured in his own soul.

THE SEASON AT CHRISTIE'S

If devoid of sensational transactions, the past season at Christie's has not been without features of interest. Generally speaking, it has been a better year for buyers than sellers; for, whereas the works of a few painters—notably Sam Bough, P. Nasmyth and Fantin-Latour—have shown an increase in market value, those of a far greater number have shown a remarkable decrease. The reaction against Royal Academy pictures of an anecdotal and historical order has resulted in the severe depreciation of works not only by Messrs. Frith, Goodall, Egg and Marcus Stone, but practically all early Victorian paintings, including the works of Etty, Stothard, W. Muller and John Phillip. The sterling qualities, especially of colour, in the paintings of these four artists render it extremely probable that the depreciation of their work is only temporary. Consequently, it may be held that buyers have this year had the opportunity to secure good examples of these artists at low prices, while similar opportunities have been presented by the appearance in the sale-room of early works by New English and other non-Academic painters whose productions are likely to be more highly valued in the future.

That prices have been uniformly low is sufficiently indicated by the fact that only twenty-seven pictures this year exceeded 1400 guineas, as against 43 in 1905, 37 in 1904 and 38 in 1903. No work reached five figures, the highest sum given for a single painting this year being 6400 guineas for a late Turner, *The Rape of Europa*. Early English portraits by recognised masters continue in favour, but in the absence this year of any outstanding examples of Raeburn, Gainsborough and Reynolds prior place as regards price has been taken by Romney's *Mrs. Mingay* (6200 guineas), and Hoppner's *Lady Waldegrave* (6000 guineas). The last was bought by the late Mr. Woods for £23. Of the continental old masters few important examples have been seen. A doubtful Botticelli, *The Virgin*, sold for 5000 guineas, a more probable Titian, *Lorenzo di Medici*, was bought by Mr. Hugh P. Lans for 2100 guineas, while an *Extensive View over a Landscape* by P. de Koninck realised 2100 guineas, the

highest sum yet given at auction for an example of this master.

New records have also been made by Sam Bough's *Loch Achray* (£1029), and Cosway's drawing, *The Fair Step-mother and Ladies of the Loftus Family* (1150 guineas). Downman drawings, which have enormously increased in value during the last twenty years, again advanced in price, three averaging £300, while a fourth broke all records at 820 guineas. Thirty years ago they could have been bought for a less number of shillings.

At Sotheby's Rembrandt's famous etching, *The Three Trees*, advanced from £355 to £385, McArdell's mezzotint after Reynolds's portrait of *Mary Duchess of Ancaster* reached a maximum at £450, Burke's *Lady Rushout and Child*, in brown, after Angelica Kauffman, rose from £70 to £130, and several Whistler etchings, notably *The Palaces*, showed a slight increase in value.

We may conclude this brief review of the season's art sales with the mention of two notable prices given at Christie's for miniatures, £624 for Isaac Oliver's *Henry Prince of Wales eldest son of James I.*, and £1155 for two portraits by Nicholas Hilliard of himself and his father.

MUSIC

THE PROMENADE CONCERTS—I

ONCE more, while all who can are flying away from her, London is cheering her captives with the nightly Promenade Concerts at Queen's Hall. At the first of these on Saturday night the whole floor of the hall was packed with a standing audience, and a sea of upturned, eager faces gazed with devout attention at Mr. Wood and his orchestra and offered incense at the shrine in a cloud of tobacco smoke. The first concert was even longer than usual and included all the prime favourites of the more dramatic or sensational kind, the prelude to *Lohengrin*, act iii., the overture to *Tannhäuser*, Liszt's Hungarian Rhapsodie No. 2, the "1812" overture and the Peer Gynt Suite, so that the hundreds who had waited to get places and who stood through three hours or more of music, could not be disappointed; they got all they came for and more besides. Yes, a good deal more, because some did not bargain for Mozart's concerto for flute and orchestra in G, and though to many this must have been a most refreshing and delightful treat, like a breath of fresh air after the stifling heat of Wagner's footlights, a little movement among the tired ones who were standing all the time, showed that its quietness had given them time to remember the weakness of the flesh.

It was altogether the revival of an old scene. There was nothing new in this beginning of a new season, unless it was that Mr. Wood seemed to hold both his orchestra and his audience still better in hand than formerly, that he inspired his men with new fervour in playing the old music, that his audience were good children and stood more still than they used to, and never once struck matches in pianissimo passages. This discipline of his audience is, by the way, one of the most remarkable features of Mr. Wood's work, and he has now acquired an autocracy which is only paralleled in completeness by that of the policeman who controls the traffic of a crowded thoroughfare. To one who has the privilege of a seat in the balcony, and who knows the music well enough to listen rather lazily, the audience soon becomes the absorbing interest, and I must confess to just this amount of laziness on Saturday, that it was the impression of the music on the mass of the audience below rather than on myself which held my attention. Those little movements and fluctuations, contrasted with the perfect stillness of the intensely interesting moments, seem to show the common attitude towards the music, illuminating the individual element of the people who have, or think they have taste and knowledge.

The old question crops up: What do people like and want?—the question, which, asked wrongly, has ruined the work of countless composers and retarded the advance of public taste to a lamentable extent. In spite of that, however, it has got to be asked and answered in some way by every one who puts his finger into the musical pie, whether as composer or interpreter, and it is probably because he has got nearer than any one to the answer to the question, that Mr. Wood is the strongest popular power in the musical life of London. At first sight the answer seems to be: Sensation and excitement with a good deal of noise; but that is only a very superficial one. It is true that a Queen's Hall audience, like any other crowd, is easily excited by a noise, and then wants to make a noise too, which takes the form of tumultuous applause at the end, but that has not much to do with what music appeals most, and it is quite easy to look a little deeper. Next, two things seem to make the most direct and genuine appeal: one of them musical, the other not so, namely a tune and a story. The audience themselves do not know it; on the contrary, they rather think that they give themselves up to be swayed by the deep emotions of Wagner and Tschaikovsky, but a very slight experience in the art of listening through the ears of the crowd will reveal the fact that tune and story are the ruling powers. They are not very particular or far seeing as to whether the tune is a good one or the story well told: one or other they must have, and, at best, both. The "1812" overture has not much except ingenuity to recommend it musically, but it is a stirring story well told, and, allowing something for the mere excitation of the noise, it is that that inspires enthusiasm. On the other hand, Sullivan's dreadfully silly song, "Thou art passing hence, my brother," tells its story very badly, both in words and music, but it is the story of life and death in which every one is interested, and all its faults are forgiven it. So much for the love of a story. The question whether it helps to a musical appreciation brings us back to the much debated controversy about programme music. Sometimes, as in the case of Sullivan's song, it kills musical judgment, but that it plays an important part in making people come to hear music no one who frequents Queen's Hall can deny.

But the love of tune is no less strong and is the starting-point of real musical appreciation. Most of Saturday's audience probably knew little enough about William Tell, except the apple-shooting story, and if they had known more they would have found some difficulty in hearing his story in Rossini's overture, but they were, as usual, delighted by the tunes; and in the case of the *Tannhäuser* overture, where a story is told by means of several contrasted tunes, good long ones, not irritating scraps of *leit motif*, the delight rose higher still, and that is probably the most popular work in the repertoire of the Queen's Hall orchestra.

New works are going to be performed at the Promenade Concerts. To his great powers as an interpreter Mr. Wood adds the virtue of unbounded resource, and he leaves no type of orchestral music untouched; but these new things generally fall rather flat and are rarely given a second time. It may be different this year, but on the whole that has been so in the past. Yet they have been clever works, full of emotion and local colour and all the things that critics praise and modern audiences are expected to admire. Why do not composers write tunes, long tunes that give people time to learn them, tunes that go on getting better and aspiring higher? They are what the patient, standing audience at Queen's Hall really wants and craves for, though it does not always know it, and they, by meeting people on their own ground, could do more than by any other means to help to develop musical taste. What such forms of composition would do for the composers themselves I dare not suggest, but the possibilities for the development of new melodic rhythms seems almost endless and at present almost unexplored. The audience, however, can enjoy tunes and stories.

Give them a story by all means if it helps them to listen, and the composer to write; but he is a musician, and tunes are his point of contact with his hearers, so he needs must write tunes.

H. C. C.

FORTHCOMING BOOKS

MESSRS. SMITH, ELDER have in the press a new edition, in eight volumes, of the works of Mrs. Gaskell. "The Knutsford Edition" will be edited, with introductions, by Dr. A. W. Ward, Master of Peterhouse, and each volume is to contain a frontispiece in photogravure. The works, which will be issued at fortnightly intervals, beginning on September 3 next, will be arranged as far as possible in chronological order, and will include several hitherto unreprinted contributions to periodicals, together with two new poems, and some unpublished fragments of stories. It may be interesting to recall George Sand's verdict on Mrs. Gaskell: "Mrs. Gaskell," she said, "has done what neither I nor other female writers in France can accomplish. She has written novels which excite the deepest interest in men of the world, and yet which every girl will be the better for reading."

Professor Maitland's biography of Sir Leslie Stephen will be published by Messrs. Duckworth early in the autumn.

"The Best Plays of George Farquhar," edited, with an introduction, by Mr. William Archer, are about to be added to Mr. Unwin's Mermaid Series. The plays reprinted are: *The Constant Couple*, *The Recruiting Officer*, *The Beaux' Stratagem*, and *The Twin Rivals*. Mr. Archer's is the first edition in which the various readings of the early quartos have been noted. The volume will be ready on August 27. Mr. Unwin will publish on the same date a volume by Mr. S. Parnell Kerr entitled "From Charing Cross to Delhi." The book is not a guide-book or an elaborate treatise on Indian problems, but a light, humorous and irresponsible chronicle of impressions received during a visit to India, with certain grave matter in appendices for those who desire it. It is illustrated from photographs taken by the author.

Messrs. Methuen announce for publication next week, in their Antiquary's Library, a book on "The Bells of England," by Canon J. J. Raven. At the same time they will publish, in the Library of Devotion, "Death and Immortality," a little book of meditations written by the first Earl of Manchester early in the seventeenth century.

Mrs. George Bernard Shaw's translation of Brieux's *Maternité*, performed before the Stage Society in the spring of this year, is to be issued, together with Mr. St. John Hankin's translation of *Les trois filles de M. Dupont* and a hitherto unacted translation of *Les Avariés* by Mr. John Pollock, in the autumn. Mr. Bernard Shaw is at work on a preface to the volume, in which he will deal with the whole of the dramatic work of M. Brieux.

Messrs. Longmans have several important biographies in the press. Dr. Edgar Sheppard is editing a Memoir of the Private Life of the late Duke of Cambridge which will appear in two volumes, and "Letters Personal and Literary of Robert Earl of Lytton" will appear in the same form. Mr. J. Stuart Reid's "Life and Letters of the first Earl of Durham" is announced for early publication. Another book of interest promised by the same publishers is "The Correspondence of Two Brothers": the eleventh Duke of Somerset and Lord Webb Seymour.

Messrs. Methuen will publish early in September Mr. Robert Hichens's new novel, "The Call of the Blood." It is a story of Sicilian life, although the scene of the first two chapters is laid in London. The three principal characters are an Englishwoman, a Frenchman, and a man of mixed blood, English and Sicilian. Almost the whole of the story passes in or near a lonely cottage on a mountain not far from Etna,

between Messina and Catania. The subsidiary characters are Sicilians, one of whom, a peasant boy, is brought into intimate relation with the three already mentioned, and plays an important part in the development of the plot, which is concerned with the strange domination sometimes exercised over a man by a strain of foreign blood inherited from an ancestor.

Messrs. Smith, Elder will publish early next month, a new novel by "Q"—"Sir John Constantine," an eighteenth-century story of a romantic adventure undertaken by a chivalrous Englishman to secure the crown of Corsica for his son, and to rescue a royal lady from duress. This involves the adventurers in the fierce strife of Corsican parties and Genoese invaders.

Messrs. Jack will issue in October "The Child's Life of Jesus," by the Rev. C. M. Steedman, uniform with their beautifully illustrated editions of "Lamb's Tales from Shakespeare" and Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress." In a new "Shown to the Children" series—similar in design to the "Told to the Children" series—they will publish three books on Birds, Beasts, and Flowers.

Mr. Nutt will publish this autumn a new volume of verse by Mr. Kaufmann Spiers, entitled "Durante and Selvaggia and other poems"—a companion book to "Guido and Veronica."

The third volume of "The Arts in Early England," the work on which Professor Baldwin Brown, the occupant of the Watson Fine Art Chair in Edinburgh University, has been engaged for some time past, will be issued shortly. The new volume deals with the decorative arts of the Anglo-Saxon period.

"From Carpathian to Pindus: Pictures of Roumanian Country Life," by Tereza Stratilescu, will be published by Mr. Unwin shortly. Roumanian country life is dealt with under various aspects: history, religion, economics and social and political life; and the ideas and customs of the peasantry are illustrated by specimens of their folk-lore songs. These are given both in the original and in the English translation, and airs are also appended. Two other travel books promised by the same publisher are: "Romantic Cities of Provence," by Mona Caird, illustrated with sketches by Joseph Pennell and Edward M. Synge, and "Uganda to Khartoum: Life and Adventure on the Upper Nile," by Albert B. Lloyd.

Mr. Eveleigh Nash has in the press and will publish early next month "A Twice-Crowned Queen, Anne of Brittany," by Constance, Countess De La Warr. About the same date he promises "The Red Burgee," a new novel by Mr. Morley Roberts.

The second volume of the "Index to Book Prices Current" covering the second ten years' volumes, from 1897 to 1906, is nearly ready for issue. It will present a key and epitome to the last decade of the book sales on the same plan as the first volume, but will contain several additional features. The total number of entries will be greatly increased. To the anonyms and pseudonyms the real names of authors will be added. Sub-indexes of illustrators of books and of Americana are to be given, and editors' and translators' names will also be indexed.

Two volumes which Messrs. Skeffington are shortly to issue are "Pribbles and Prabbles, or Rambling Reflections on varied Topics," by the late Major-General Patrick Maxwell, LL.D.; and "My Experiences of the Island of Cyprus," by B. Stewart.

Mrs. St. Leger Harrison (Lucas Malet) has a new novel, "The Far Horizon," in the press. It is not a sequel to her last work, "Sir Richard Calmady," though several of the characters which figured there are re-introduced. It is almost a quarter of a century since Lucas Malet published her first novel, "Mrs. Lorimer, a Sketch in Black and White."

So great was the popularity of Sir Frederick Treves's account of his trip round the world, which Messrs. Cassell and Company published last year under the title of "The Other Side of the Lantern" that eight impressions were called for. With a view of bringing this work

under the notice of a much larger section of the public, the publishers have arranged to issued a cheap edition on August 31.

A feature of the Bradford Meeting of the Library Association, September 3 to 7, 1906, will be the publication of a "Class List of Best Books published 1905-6." The work will comprise over two thousand entries of books classified according to the Dewey Decimal Classification, and will be published at one shilling net by the Library Supply Co., of 18r Queen Victoria Street, E.C.

The serial rights of Harry Vardon's book "The Complete Golfer" have been secured by *The World of Golf*, and the opening chapter appears in the issue of August 23. The original photographs will also be published.

CORRESPONDENCE

"LIKE" AS A CONJUNCTION

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Prof. Tyrrell's calling the use of "like" for "as" "a vulgar error," and the correct phrase "like I did" an "atrocious" (ACADEMY, August 18, p. 159, col. 1) illustrates anew the old complaint that classical scholars and many otherwise cultured men know nothing of the history of their own language. Had Prof. Tyrrell spared a little of his time for that, he would have known that "like" is just as good a conjunction as it is a preposition. The early forms were "like as" and "like to." Gradually the *as* and *to* dropt off, and the single "like" became both conjunction and preposition. The more frequent use of it as a preposition made some inattentive folk suppose that it couldn't be a conjunction. But if Prof. Tyrrell will turn to Sidney Walker's paper on the conjunctive use of "like" in vol. ii. of his *Works*, and to Dr. Henry Bradley's article on "like" in our Oxford Dictionary, he will find that Shakespeare and his helper in *Percies* used "like" as a conjunction, and that a chain of authors of good repute link our age to theirs in this legitimate use of the word. Shelley and William Morris were among them. Away from books, I cannot give other names.

This is, I think, the fourth letter I have written to literary journals on this "like" point during the last thirty years; but vulgar errors are hard to uproot. I think Prof. Tyrrell owes us English students the atonement of attending Prof. Napier's lectures on Historical English Grammar.

F. J. FURNIVALL.

August 18.

[Professor Tyrrell writes: More than half of the vulgarisms now current in the speech of the uneducated are really archaisms. I am not surprised to hear that *like* was used as a conjunction three hundred years ago. It is news to me that Shelley and William Morris so used it, and I will take care to verify that statement when next I have access to the Oxford Dictionary. But even if this be so, the employment of *like* as a conjunction is now a vulgarism. The pleonastic *for* is to be found in the New Testament; but if Dr. Furnivall will venture to say (among strangers unacquainted with his position in literature) "I went to Brighton for to see if I should enjoy it like I did last year," let me assure him that every educated person among his hearers will class him with the illiterate and vulgar.

I do not think *like* was ever a preposition or any part of speech but an adjective, as in Milton's verse

That liker thy Narcissus are.

I repeat, the phrase "like I did" is an atrocious in modern speech, like "I came for to see," and many similar phrases which I cannot quote, being like Dr. Furnivall (not, like Dr. F. is) away from my books. Byron used *lay* as an intransitive verb instead of *lie*. Mr. Austin writes *lay* when he means *laid*. That does not justify the usage; neither would a lapse in grammar, if such there be, on the part of Shelley or Morris, "trammel up the consequence" for one who should now make a like slip.

August 22.

ECCENTRICITIES OF PRONUNCIATION

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Among eccentricities of pronunciation no one, so far as I have observed, has noticed that Tennyson has not only "révenne" and "retinue" but "réponse":

Then did my response clearer fall:
No compound of this earthly ball
Is like another, all in all.

The Dictt. give "subsidence" wrongly: cp. "résidence"; the quantity of the *i* in *resideo* and *subsido* is not the same; but there was a *subsido* as there was a *resido*.

R. Y. T.

August 18.

"THE ANTIQUARY AND THE SEAL"

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—My friend Dr. Cox tells you that he does not agree with several of the strictures contained in my review of Mr. Harvey Bloom's book on English Seals, and thinks "in common with other critics, that the book will fill a niche in popular archæology."

I am glad to see that Dr. Cox separates me from those critics who are so ready to use that delectable phrase.

Those who read Dr. Cox's letter carelessly will gather that I assailed this book for its printer's errors. It is true that it is full of such, and I regret to learn that the writer's ill-health kept him from correcting his proofs. In such a case it would have been surely better to delay the issue. But some three lines only of my review deal with slips for which the printer can be held responsible.

The contention which I must needs maintain against Mr. Bloom's other critics is that one who describe seals should have some accurate knowledge of the costume, the armour and the heraldry which enter into every page of his book. And I am obstinate in my belief that such a writer should be able to transcribe and translate accurately the seal-inscriptions encountered by him. Assuredly it was not the printer who made Mr. Bloom translate "*Radulpho sis pia tutrix*" as "to thy Ralph teach piety."

At the same time I am ready to acknowledge that Mr. Bloom's book is well bound, clearly printed and pleasantly illustrated. I have the plodding habit of reading books before reviewing them. Otherwise I could hardly have kept back the phrase that this handsome book filled a niche in popular archæology.

OSWALD BARRON.

Bruges, August 22

AMANTIUM IRAE

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Will you kindly allow me a word of explanation as to an editorial comment in your issue of August 18, on a remark in the preface of my Latin Grammar? You considered it as "hypercritical" to find fault with the presentation of Terence's line *Amantium iras amovis integratio* as a model of Classical Prose. Now our model of Classical Prose is Cicero, who does not admit the idiom in question. Therefore, in my opinion, a Grammar ought to say so, and not lead a learner to suppose the contrary. Cicero may have been "hypercritical," but that is quite another matter.

A. SLOMAN.

[We have pleasure in publishing Mr. Sloman's letter. Our objection was raised from the point of view of grammar as a whole, not from that of classical Latin. From the latter aspect he is, of course, perfectly right in protesting against the inclusion in grammars of the Terentian tag: and the protest is on a par with the general level of his admirable and scholarly work.—ED.]

THE ENGLISH TONGUE

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Professor Otto Jespersen's defence of "the use of the split infinitive in moderation, and where necessary for rhythm or emphasis," as in Burns's line:

Who dared to nobly stem tyrannic pride

—I quote from Mr. Mayhew's review of "Growth and Structure of the English Tongue"—seems to me a little weak. The line as it stands is incorrect.

Who nobly dared to stem tyrannic pride

is indisputably better: it does away with the split infinitive and places the adverb in the right position for the sense.

Y. D.

August 11.

"DIEU ET MON DROIT"

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I find the following statement in a treatise entitled *Anglia Notitia*, by Edw. Chamberlayne, Doctor of Laws (1637), ed. 16, p. 69:

"The Motto, *Dieu et mon Droit*, that is, God and my Right, was first given by Richard the First, to intimate, that the King of England holdeth his Empire not in Vassalage of any Mortal Man, but of God only; and afterwards taken up by Edward the Third, when he first claimed the Kingdom of France."

I wonder if any of the readers of the ACADEMY would be kind enough to tell me on what contemporary authority these two assertions of Dr. Chamberlayne are based. They appear again and again in books of reference. But no one ever daigns to prove them by any historical evidence.

A. L. MAYHEW.

A PROTEST AGAINST "OG"

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I am encouraged by correspondence which I see in THE ACADEMY to ask permission to protest in your columns against the distortion of sound and sense in the generally accepted pronunciation

of Photog'raphy, Geog'raphy, *et hoc genus omne*. In no other language is this solecism found, the Continental pronunciation being Geo'graphie, Photo'graphie, etc. One bad result is that the mind does not readily grasp the real meaning and etymology of the words mispronounced in the really vulgar, illiterate manner mentioned above. Let us all do what in us lies to undermine "Og"!

LEWIS R. S. TOMALIN.

August 17.

TOWARDS JOY

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

MONSIEUR,—J'ai lu avec beaucoup d'intérêt et de plaisir le bel article que, dans l'ACADEMY, vous avez bien voulu consacrer à mon dernier ouvrage. Merci millefois pour les délicats éloges que vous lui décernez. Votre philosophie diffère de la mienne. Certes, je connais les beaux travaux de M. Metchnikoff, mais je ne pense pas qu'on puisse tirer de la seule biologie la philosophie totale de la vie humaine, et toute profane que je suis en pareille matière, je n'ignore pas que le Docteur Grasset, de Montpellier, un savant et un Chrétien, a justement intitulé un livre: *Les Limites de la Biologie*. Cela, d'ailleurs, vous le savez sans doute mieux que moi. Quoi qu'il en soit, je ne veux pas, Monsieur, vous laisser douter de ma reconnaissance, et je vous prie de croire à mes sentiments les plus distingués.

LUCIE FÉLIX-FAURE GOYAU.

Le Havre, August 19.

THE FUTURE LIFE

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I regret that, owing to an accident, I have only to-day seen R.S.Y.'s answer to my letter. I thank him heartily for it, and I trust that in view of the deep interest which the subject must possess for all literary students you will do me the kindness to insert my lengthy and belated reply.

I can assure R.S.Y. that I did not mistake his object, and that I, too, was thinking only of the "social fact" and not of "literary quality." I contend that as a social fact there is found in many of the master minds of literature since the beginning of the Christian era a confident and exultant strain in the presence and contemplation of the solemn fact of death which it is absolutely impossible to parallel from the pre-Christian literatures of the world.

How does my friendly critic meet this contention?

(1) Modern authors "could one and all be shown to contradict themselves?" Does he really mean to say that Milton, Bunyan, and Cowper contradicted themselves on this point? I venture to ask for a proof of this. Can he show that Schiller ever contradicted the passages which I quoted? He cannot have done so, for the simple reason that he was a whole-hearted and devoted pupil of Kant, and it is well known that Kant made the belief in immortality one of the corner-stones of his philosophy. Let me quote a few words out of the lengthy passage in the "Critique of Pure Reason": "God and a future life are two hypotheses which, according to the principles of pure reason, are inseparable from the obligation which this reason imposes upon us." I can find nothing like this in the realm of ancient philosophy. Indeed, Kant's moral teaching (as Ritschl has admirably shown) was coloured throughout by the unavowed influence of Christianity.

(2) I fail to see how Pascal's words which R.S.Y. quotes can be held to cancel the sublime confidence of the passage to which I referred; and if he thinks that the passage from Pindar rivals the closing lines from "Lycidas," or the magnificent passage in the Third Book of the "Paradise Lost," or the final scene of the "Pilgrim's Progress," I am constrained to say that I do not agree with him. As to Byron and Goethe, I quoted from them because they were avowed unbelievers, and therefore any concession to Christian sentiment on their part is doubly significant.

(3) But modern writers are inconsistent. Most certainly; we are all inconsistent; even Saint Paul can be shown to have been inconsistent. But I submit that there are two kinds of inconsistency, an inconsistency which is fatal and an inconsistency which is venial.

Let me add one more instance to those which I gave in my former letter. If there is one great man in European literature who united to the most unquestionable genius the consummate knowledge of a man of the world, it was the famous Duc de St. Simon. Can we imagine Herodotus, or Thucydides, or Cicero, or Livy, or Tacitus writing a score of passages on the subject of death and the life beyond the grave which might be quoted from his "Memoirs"? I trow not.

A STUDENT OF LITERATURE.

August 21.

BOOKS RECEIVED

BIOGRAPHY AND MEMOIRS.

Moffat, Mary Maxwell. *Queen Louisa of Prussia*. With 20 illustrations. 9x5½. Pp. 323. Methuen, 7s. 6d. net.

EDUCATION.

Collingwood, W. G. *The Fêsole Club Papers*. Being Lessons in Sketching for Home-Learners. 8½x5½. Pp. 144. W. Holmes, Ulverston, Lancs. 3s. 6d. net.

[These letters to beginners and amateurs in sketching," the author

explains, "were written, from 1891 onwards, at the request of the Editor of *The Parents' Review*, in order to form a correspondence-class in connection with the work of the Parents' National Education Union."]

FICTION.

- Hill, Headon. *Unmasked at Last*. Illustrated. 7½x5½. Pp. 314. Ward, Lock, 6s.
Ridge, W. Pett. *The Wickhamses*. 7½x5½. Pp. 343. Methuen, 6s. (See p. 183.)
Albanesi, E. Maria. *I Know a Maiden*. 7½x5½. Pp. 356. Methuen, 6s.
Mathers, Helen. *Tally Ho!* 7½x5½. Pp. 333. Methuen, 6s.
Holmes, Gordon. *The Arncliffe Puzzle*. 7½x5. Pp. 308. Werner Laurie, 6s.
Gay, Geraldine M. *The Astrologer's Daughter*. 7½x5. Pp. 147. Drane, 3s. 6d.
Long, George. *Two Lives in Parenthesis*. 7½x5. Pp. 286. Drane, 6s.
Mills, John. *Jack Cherton of Sydney*. 8x5½. Pp. 543. Drane, 6s.
Hyne, C. J. Cutcliffe. *The Trials of Commander McTurk*. 7½x5½. Pp. 348. Murray, 6s.
Ohnet, Georges. *The Path of Glory*. Authorised translation by F. Rothwell. 7½x5. Pp. 328. Chatto & Windus, 6s.

LITERATURE.

- Hadow, G. E. and W. H. *The Oxford Treasury of English Literature*. Vol. i. *Old English to Jacobean*. 8x5½. Pp. xii+356. Oxford: Clarendon Press, 3s. 6d. (See p. 174.)
Viëtor, Wilhelm. *A Shakespeare Phonology*. With a Rime-Index to the Poems as a Pronouncing Vocabulary. 8x5½. Pp. 290. Nutt, 6s. net. [A companion volume, a Shakespeare Reader, is in the press.]

MISCELLANEOUS.

- Report of the Proceedings of the National Conference on Infantile Mortality held in the Caxton Hall, Westminster, on the 13th and 14th June, 1906.* 8½x5½. Pp. 314. R. S. King, 1s. 6d. net.

POETRY.

- Chesson, Nora. *Selected Poems*. 8x5½. Alston Rivers, 5s. net. (See p. 176. [Five volumes in a cardboard case: (1) "Dirge for Aoine and other poems"; (2) "A Dead Girl to her Lover, and other poems"; (3) "Jack O'Lantern and other poems"; (4) "The Happy Maid and other poems"; (5) "The Waiting Widow and other poems." The proceeds of the sale are to go to the fund for the support of Mrs. Chesson's children.]

REPRINTS AND NEW EDITIONS.

- Dodd, J. Theodore. *Administrative Reform and the Local Government Board*. Second edition. 7½x5. Pp. 105. P. S. King, 1s. 6d. net.
Clark, John Willis. *A Concise Guide to the Town and University of Cambridge, in an Introduction and Four Walks*. 6½x4½. Pp. 191. Cambridge: Macmillan & Bowes, 1s.
[This little book is intended for visitors, and all matter requiring special knowledge or special examination has been excluded. The Scientific Museums and Laboratories, however, are described in detail.]
The Symbolism of Churches and Church Ornaments: a translation of the First Book of the Rationale Divinorum Officiorum written by William Durandus. With an introductory essay and notes by the Rev. John Mason Neale and the Rev. Benjamin Webb. Third edition. 9x5½. Pp. 195. Gibbings, 6s. net.
Merriman, H. Seton. *Flotsam*. Newnes' Sixpenny Novels Illustrated.
The Works of William Shakespeare. Edited by Sir Henry Irving and Frank A. Marshall. With many hundred illustrations. Vols. v. and vi.—*King John*; *The Merchant of Venice*; *King Henry IV.*; *King Henry V.*; *The Merry Wives of Windsor*. The Henry Irving Shakespeare. 9½x6½. Gresham Publishing Co., 3s. 6d. net. per vol.
Nietzsche, Friedrich. *Thus Spake Zarathustra*. A Book for All and None. Second (revised) edition. Part i. 6½x4½. Pp. 62. Edinburgh: Common, 1s.

THEOLOGY.

- Selected Metrical Psalms and Paraphrases for Congregational Worship*. Edited by Lauchlan Maclean Watt. 5½x4. Pp. 86. Paisley: Gardner, n.p.

THE BOOKSHELF

The Tourmaline Expedition. By Major A. Gibbon Spilsbury. (Dent 5s. net.)—Some ten years ago the proverbial man in the street would have been quite prepared to argue the rights and wrongs of the *Tourmaline* expedition; but, as his memory is short, the affair has by now been forgotten, and Major Spilsbury's book appears as a welcome reminder. It is welcome because the author was the protagonist in one of the most extraordinary adventures of the nineteenth century; an adventure which reminds us more of Captain Cook than of any one else. The story, which Mr. Spilsbury tells in a very straightforward way, is of how he went to the Court of Morocco with a view to inducing the Sultan to sanction the working of a concession, which purported to grant, on behalf of the tribes of Sus—the mysterious land south of the Atlas Mountains—the sole right to trade in their country. This is the least interesting part of the narrative: the fun begins when the steam yacht *Tourmaline* is bought and sails with a cargo, chiefly of arms and ammunition, to trade with the Susi on behalf of the Globe Venture Syndicate, Ltd. The encounter with the Sultan's man-of-war *Hassanie*, the offer by the Sultan of fifteen hundred dollars for Major Spilsbury's head, and the failure of the expedition make a tale of great interest, after which as an anti-climax, there is the account of the

trial on the charge of "riotously and routously assaulting the soldiers of the Sultan of Morocco." It was that trial which made the *Toumaline* famous, and the account of the trial as told in these pages is indeed remarkable. There is one point prominent throughout the book, and certainly borne out by facts: namely, that our Consular authorities do not look after our interests as well as the Consuls of other nationalities attend to their duty. And the remark is not only applicable to Morocco. The book is rather poorly illustrated with photographs, and contains an appendix on "South-West Barbary as a field for Colonisation," by Mr. W. B. Stewart.

Tales from the Talmud. By E. R. Montague. (Blackwood, 6s.)—The Mishna, the first half of the Talmud or oral law of the Jews, was committed to writing by the Rabbi Jehudah in the year 190 A.D. Tradition tells us that the unwritten law was given to Moses on Mount Sinai, was taught by him to Joshua, and so passed down by word of mouth until the second century A.C. Of the Mishna alone there have been many translations, notably that of Surenhusius into Latin (1697-1703), that of Abraham Ruben into Spanish (1606), and of Rabe into German (1760). The Gemara, or second half of the Talmud, was completed at Jerusalem about 400 A.D.; a larger Gemara being produced at Babylon about a hundred years later. Mr. Montague does not aspire to the translation of this rambling and voluminous code. He gives his work the modest title *Tales from the Talmud*, but the book is more than this, if only by virtue of the admirable introduction with which he prefaces the stories. The latter are taken chiefly from the Talmud, though a few come from the Targums, the Pirke Rabbi Eliezer, and other works more or less contemporaneous with the Talmud. Mr. Montague sets down these legends in very much the same rambling fashion in which they are to be found in the original, including much of the quaint and homely wisdom of the ancient Rabbis. Nothing was too great for their consideration, nothing too little. "In every action, in every conceivable circumstance . . . for food, dress, habit, language, devotion, relaxation . . . it prescribes almost every word and almost every thought to be conceived," said Deutsch in the *Quarterly Review*, July 1873. From a deep and learned dissertation on criminal law we pass suddenly to an intricate and conflicting discussion as to whether it constitutes "work" for a man to use a wooden leg or wear a false tooth on the Sabbath. To blow out a candle on the Sabbath, from motives of economy, is a sin, coming under the heading of "work," but to blow it out for fear of an evil spirit or a robber is not a sin. As in many old legends, we come continually on cases where a man is saved from execution by his ability to answer a conundrum or give a satisfactory solution to some abstruse problem. Many of the tales are wonderfully beautiful in native wisdom.

It is no easy matter to produce a work on British Birds, which shall be of moderate price, and yet contain accurate and artistic illustrations of each species. Mrs. Grant Richards has now brought out the first part of a book entitled *The Birds of the British Islands*, by Charles Stonham, C.M.G., F.R.C.S., F.Z.S., in which the chief feature will be the photogravure illustrations by Mr. L. M. Medland. These pictures are extremely beautiful and true to life, while the fine gradations of tone so well reproduce the markings of the plumage that for purposes of identification they are hardly at all inferior to the finest coloured illustrations. The work will be complete in twenty parts, each costing 7s. 6d. net. Mr. Stonham supplies descriptions of the birds, their plumage, food, habits, etc., which are brief in scope, but extremely accurate and observant. Owing to the essential character of most of the information which he supplies, the effect of their comparatively brief accounts is often more vivid, and of greater assistance for purposes of identification, than very much longer descriptions in standard works. Particular stress is laid upon the attempt which has been made to elucidate the derivation of the accepted scientific titles—often a darkly obscure matter; but it cannot be said that the author is always happy in his conclusions, and the way he expresses them. *Rubens*, for instance, is not "a bramble," nor is *rubeta* accurately translated "a bramble-bush"; while in the former Latin word the quantity of the first syllable is given wrongly, and in the latter it is not given at all. *Epidotis*, again, is not the Greek for red, as it is said to be under the heading of Redbreast. In cases of greater obscurity it is an inadequate treatment of the difficulty boldly to adopt one, extremely disputable, theory, such, for instance, as to derive *ruticilla*, the generic name of the redstart, thus: "from *rutilus*, red, and *cilla*, meaning the tail, but the etymology of the second element is not known." This solution is certainly not more probable or convincing than the alternative which is named only to be refuted. It would also have been better to have avoided the split infinitive with more consistency; while by one carelessly framed sentence the impression is given that the thrush feeds in autumn on turnips and potatoes, instead of in fields devoted to their cultivation.

A Varied Life: a record of military and civil service, of sport and of travel in India, Central Asia and Persia, 1849-1902. By Gen. Sir Thomas E. Gordon. (Murray, 15s.)—Sport and military service take up a large part of this book, but it differs from the biographies of many soldiers in the fact that the author's long life in the East brought him into personal contact with five Central Asian sovereigns. Sir Thomas Gordon is, moreover, an accomplished Persian scholar with a considerable knowledge of Persia, so that what he has to say about that part of the world will be read with interest and respect. He tells us that in 1866 he began a prose translation of Omar Khayyam which remains unpublished to this day: he took it with him to Tehran in '89 and read it over amid Persian surroundings, but was forced to the conclusion, at which others also have arrived, that the mystic poet is

not nearly so well known or so popular in his own land as is Hafiz. This attention to Persian literature, however, was only the recreation of a busy soldier, who has many soldier tales to relate. The story of the guard which always saluted cats, under the impression that the soul of a Governor of Bombay had transmigrated into the body of a cat, is in particular to be commended, and the remarkable resemblance which Sir Thomas Gordon bore to his twin brother, also a general, is the cause of many amusing stories. The author is inclined to be somewhat diffuse, but the fault is not uncommon and can be forgiven in a book which does not pretend to be "history," and which gives a fine example of the useful life of a soldier.

British Flowering Plants. By W. F. Kirkby, F.L.S., F.E.S., with one hundred and twenty coloured plates showing the most important characters of each plant figured and one hundred and nineteen illustrations in the text. (Sidney Appleton, 5s. net.)—It is always a difficult thing to get the exact information required out of a work on flowers; generally it results in obtaining a sonorous Latin name and some highly technical particulars which do not aid in any way to the recognition by the amateur of the flower in question the next time he sees it; or the book may be so "popular," that a buttercup in its illustrations can hardly be distinguished from a ranunculus. Between these the author claims that this volume steers a happy medium course. It follows the classification of Babington's ninth edition and also notes some of the insects which feed upon or frequent the various plants described, such as the nut-weevil, whose maggots are to be found inside the nuts, and the butterflies that haunt clumps of nettle. By the way the author repeats that old story as to the edibility of nettle tips in spring. We wonder if he himself has tried it; we hope not; we have, and the conclusion came to was that it was specially intended for starving people.

Essays upon the History of Meaux Abbey and some principles of Mediæval Land Tenure; based upon a consideration of the Latin Chronicles of Meaux (A.D. 1150-1400), by the Rev. A. Earle, M.A. (Brown & Sons.) The author starts with the fairly well-known fact that the people in the centuries under consideration were an unconsidered quantity, the great landowners, the Earl of Albemarle and the Religious Houses being the influencing factors around and in Holderness. A list is given of the Abbots down to the Dissolution, and the amount of stock owned by these monastic farm-owners. The second part of the book, dealing with Land Tenure in the Middle Ages, is interesting in that it illustrates the strength of the "entail" principle, an heir being able to claim and recover all land that had ever been alienated in any way by any of his ancestors. The author gives chapter and verse for all his statements and this is especially valuable when he refers to the bondsman and the disabilities under which he lived. An impartial judgment is given on the effect of the presence of such religious bodies as the monks of Meaux on rural England, and of their absorption of the revenues of livings. This is a book full of interest and suggestion in which the reader is not offered any ill-digested theories, but left to draw his own conclusions.

Augustine the Man (Lane, 5s. net) is the title of a charming little play by Amélie Rives (Princess Troubetzkoy) or rather, perhaps, not so much a play as a dramatic poem in four scenes. The first shows us St. Augustine in Carthage, living happily enough with his mistress Melcara and his little son Adeodatus, to all appearances a sensible, gay and learned *pater familias*. But there is already stirring within him a spiritual restlessness. He finds his literary triumphs Dead Sea fruit, and pines for he knows not what; and in a long and very learned discussion with his friend Antonius, we hear the cry of his soul. In scene ii. he is at Milan; here we have a very dramatic parting from Melcara, for the call has come and he is preparing for the religious life. In scene iii., Augustine is in his conventual establishment, the Villa Verecundus at Cassiciacum. Here, too, is Adeodatus, a young novice, in whom the world is fighting against grace. The scourge cannot free him from the cravings of the flesh:

Last night the nightingales . . . the nightingales . . .
All night they sang . . . I could not sleep for it.
And something seemed to answer in my heart
And drew me that I followed where they sang,
And listened, praying not, but rapt away
Into a paradise unknown to Christ,
For I was there alone . . .

And anon

Came the young Roman poet through the night,
Singing of mortal love in lovely words
Set to the music of the nightingales . . .
And then . . . Oh, then I took the little scourge
I had made me, as a memory of my Lord,
And scourged myself till He remembered me
Who had forgotten Him . . .

And in the last scene, "Augustine at Tagaste" we see the death of Adeodatus and the agony of his father's grief—the grief of "the man" Augustine, the father, the husband (in effect) who is the subject of Princess Troubetzkoy's poem. Her blank verse is often delightful and always melodious, and she reaches heights of passion which affect the reader with the sense of yet greater powers restrained.

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